

Rugby Union Premiership One: Saracens 12 Newcastle 10

Lynagh has the last laugh

Robert Armstrong
at Vicarage Road

SARACENS owed a heartfelt debt of gratitude to the 34-year-old Michael Lynagh for keeping alive their prospects of a league and cup double last Sunday. The Australian fly-half scored an astonishing last-minute drop goal here that delighted a crowd of 20,000 — a record for an English league game.

Powerless to stop Lynagh was his opposite number Rob Andrew, whose late drop goal against Australia in the World Cup three years ago put England into the semi-finals and helped end Lynagh's international career. Lynagh, who retires at the end of the season, not only rescued Saracens from defeat but kicked three penalties in a nailbiting contest that rested on a knife edge.

But the London side paid a heavy price for their success, losing Francois Pienaar with a damaged hamstring and Kyran Bracken with an injured groin, injuries that could keep them out of Saturday's match against Leicester at Welford Road.

The win, though, put them level on points with Newcastle, who remain leaders on points difference, with a game in hand.

No one could deny, however, that the day belonged to the ice-cool Lynagh, whose 247 points this season have underpinned Saracens' Premiership challenge. "When I got the ball nothing else was on, so I just let fly and it sailed over," Lynagh said of his all-important drop goal from 40 metres.

Saracens, though, were not at their best. In spite of abundant enterprise fore and aft they lost their way in the final quarter and failed to score a try for only the second time this season.

The extreme tension of the occasion always made it hard for both sides to live up to the pre-match hype. Handling and kicking mistakes tended to proliferate as both pairs of half-backs worked feverishly to galvanise their three-quarters and exploit signs of fallibility in the opposition's defence.

Saracens briefly gained the upper hand, pressing Newcastle with a series of sweeping attacks on a broad front that threatened to produce a try. It needed a prompt, vigorous response by Newcastle's pack to stop the hosts driving over their line from a line-out in the right corner. Later, only a crunching midfield tackle by Dean Ryan broke up a promising Saracens move in front of the posts.

Saracens broke the deadlock in what had become a tight, uncompromising battle with a 21st-minute penalty which Lynagh was relieved to chip between the uprights after Newcastle fell offside inside their 22.

Nine minutes later, Newcastle responded with a penalty for killing the ball, Andrew, their director of rugby, steering it home. With half an hour gone the prospect of a try by either side had receded markedly.

Nether side wanted for positive attacking ideas, with Saracens' Danny Grewcock winning plenty of clean line-out ball and Doddie Weir

performing the same function for Newcastle. However, no sooner had the ball dropped into the hands of Lynagh or Andrew than their markers were poised to make a great hit, sometimes with extra back-up from their team-mates. In view of the pressure, both playmakers did well to create movement and a series of fresh attacking options.

On the stroke of half-time Lynagh notched Saracens into a 6-3 lead with a short-range penalty after a Newcastle forward dived over the top, but their fans' joy was quickly tempered as Saracens began the second half without Pienaar and Bracken, replaced by Alex Bennett and Marcus Olsen respectively.

The same unyielding pattern of play prevailed until the final quarter of an hour when a sudden flurry of scoring brought much-needed lustre to the contest.

Lynagh put Saracens further ahead with a short-range penalty for offside before Newcastle plundered the only try of the afternoon 11 minutes from the end with a marvellous piece of coordinated teamwork. When Jim Naylor broke strongly to set up a ruck on the right the ball was quickly channelled out to Jonny Wilkinson, whose long cut-out pass found the flanker Pat Lam. The hard-running Samoan abruptly changed direction and finished up with a merited try to the left of the posts which Andrew converted.

With time running out Saracens clearly needed something special to claw back their 10-9 deficit. Cue Lynagh, who duly obliged. Game, set and match for Saracens.

County Championship final: Cheshire 21 Cornwall 14



High note... Cheshire's lock Dave Craddock in the ascendancy at Twickenham

Deano's Army outgunned

Ian Mallin at Twickenham

HAILE and farewell. When Tony Cook, the veteran Cornwall lock, led an exhausted side up the steps to the royal box to shake the hand of his county union's patron Prince Philip he kissed the badge on his yellow and black jersey and the roar could be heard in Richmond.

Moments later, Cook, who had been given the privilege to mark his 102nd game for the county, and his team-mates did a lap of honour around a ground that resembled a giant bee hive. On a grey, drizzly afternoon the skies may have wept for Trelawny's Army but Cornwall's players were not going to let a small detail like losing this final make them downcast.

However, when Cheshire's captain Kevin Brookman eventually received the trophy he looked in vain for a friendly face from Nantwich or Knutsford to display it to.

The crowd numbered 35,250, about five times as many as were across Chertsey Road watching Harlequins' game against Leicester. The T-shirts bearing the words "Deano's Army" seen around the Twickenham streets were not referring to Leicester's Dean Richards — Dean Shipton is another No 8, a Launceston roofer, and captain of Cornwall. Brookman said that the crowd had inspired Cheshire. And although Cornwall laid siege to the

Cheshire line at the end — which included eight minutes of stoppage time added on by the referee Ashley Rowden to account for the game's 10 substitutions — Cheshire always had the measure of their opponents. Cornwall, though, did score an exhilarating late try through one of those replacements, Eddie Nancoll.

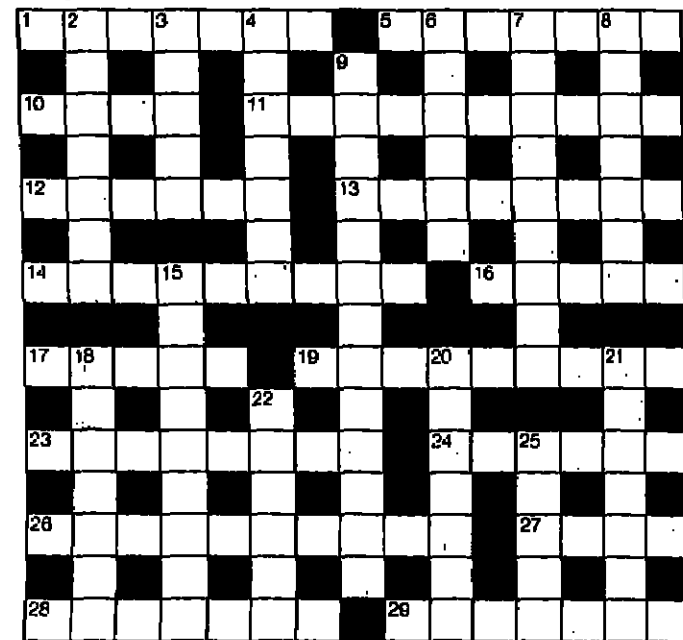
There was one key moment late in the first half. Cornwall won their own line-out on Cheshire's 22. The Cornish pack attempted a driving maul, but Cheshire's forwards turned the ball over and the danger was cleared. Trelawny's Army took a sharp intake of breath. They knew Cheshire's troops had more firepower.

And Cheshire, their team mostly playing a higher grade of rugby these days, upped the pace to fashion two tries, through Nick Briars and Mike Blood, in the three-minute period after the break that turned the match.

"But we'll be back," promised Cornwall's coach Phil Angrove. "I've never been involved with a squad which has such resolve. They have a Corinthian attitude refreshing in these money-driven days."

As evening fell by Twickenham station two families bedecked in soggy yellow and black waved each other goodbye. "See you next year," said one man. The Twickenham treasurer, who collected nearly £500,000 last weekend, certainly hopes so.

Cryptic crossword by Crispa



Across

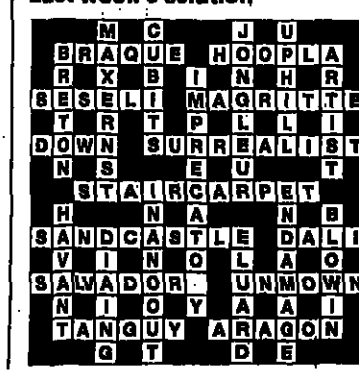
- 1 Caught and being tried for causing a fight (7)
- 5 A meal is possibly responsible for such sickness (7)
- 10 A Mercian king of note (4)
- 11 Show trials (10)
- 12 Forwarded foreign coin — not for return (4,2)
- 13 Yielding nothing to pass on in disposition (8)
- 14 Tigers act unpredictably, though in deliberate fashion (9)
- 16 Many a letter appears somewhat confused (5)
- 17 Article about supporting

- 19 Protective wear (5)
- 23 Soldiers drink, so he says (8)
- 24 Slough, where gold is stored in quantity (6)
- 26 For every one a Pickwickian would provide seafood (10)
- 27 Picture being in charge with no backing (4)
- 28 Adjustment of reserve is comparatively hard (7)
- 29 Given guidance about entering a horse (7)

Down

- 2 Out-of-the-ordinary but

Last week's solution



158, No 18
Week ending May 3, 1998

German neo-Nazis grab votes in east

Ian Traynor in Bonn

GERMANY'S general election campaign is poised to shift to a rightwing agenda that stresses immigration issues, crime, and law and order as a result of the rightwing extremist triumph in an east German poll last weekend.

As the political elite reeled from the German People's Union (DVU) entry into the Saxony-Anhalt parliament with 13 per cent of the vote, mainstream politicians urged more emphasis on a crime crackdown to undercut the neo-Nazi appeal.

Theo Waigel, Germany's finance minister and head of the Christian Social Union (CSU), sister party to Chancellor Helmut Kohl's Christian Democrats (CDU), said: "Aside from jobs, the CDU needs to put more stress on internal security, immigration and crime policies... The CSU has been doing this for some time already and we feel that course is justified by the result in Saxony-Anhalt."

The outcome of last Sunday's election highlighted the gulf between east and west Germany eight years after reunification, and raised questions about Mr Kohl's policies in the east, where unemployment is double the rate in the west.

The chancellor dismissed talk of him standing down from his campaign to secure a fifth term in office in national elections in September and described the DVU as "completely unacceptable".

The hard-left Party of Democratic Socialism took 20 per cent while the DVU took 13 per cent, meaning that a third of the Magdeburg parliament has fallen to the two extremes. Media commentators, immigrant and Jewish leaders, and business executives all voiced alarm at the Magdeburg outcome. "A black Sunday for all democrats," the best-selling Bild tabloid said.

"What could emerge in the next



two, three or five years could be very dangerous," said Ignatz Bubis, the leader of Germany's Jewish community.

Meanwhile the Social Democrats of Gerhard Schröder were boosted in their campaign to unseat Mr Kohl by emerging as the clear winner in Saxony-Anhalt with 36 per cent, 14 points ahead of the Christian Democrats.

The DVU's success sent shock waves through Bonn. Run by a neo-Nazi millionaire Munich publisher, Gerhard Frey, the DVU was contesting its first election in the state. Its 12.6 per cent suggested the potential extent of support for the racist right throughout the east. East German politicians blamed the surprise on Mr Kohl's policies in the east.

Mr Frey has made his fortune

The state election, seen as a strong pointer to the country-wide poll in September, could trigger a fresh bout of infighting within the Bonn government over Mr Kohl's candidacy. "This is a heavy defeat for the Christian Democrats," conceded Jürgen Scharf, the CDU parliamentary leader in the state capital of Magdeburg. "It gives us all a lot to think about."

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disseminating hard-right material and is a chum of other extreme nationalists, from Vladimir Zhirinovskiy in Russia to Jean-Marie Le Pen in France.

Saxony-Anhalt's unemployment rate, officially 22.6 per cent, is double that of the western states. When temporary job creation and retraining measures are factored in, the real jobless rate is nearer 40 per cent.

According to initial analysis, the DVU's late but generously funded campaign won most support among the unemployed and the young. ● New figures on racist violence in Germany recorded a 25 per cent increase country-wide last year, while extreme right offences soared 34 per cent to 11,720.

Washington Post, page 15

US under renewed fire over Cuba ban

Stephen Bates in Luxembourg
and Martin Kettle in Washington

WASHINGTON'S continuing cold war boycott of Cuba came under fire on both sides of the Atlantic this week, underlining the increasing isolation of the United States caused by its refusal to do business with Fidel Castro's regime.

Canada's prime minister began a high-profile visit to Cuba, while European Union foreign ministers until the US shelves attempts to penalise European companies that trade with Havana.

On Monday, the first full day of his first Cuban visit, Jean Chrétien spoke out in support of a policy of "constructive engagement" with Cuba. He criticised continuing sanctions against the Castro regime, though without naming the US. "Through good times and bad,

our countries have always chosen dialogue over confrontation, engagement over isolation, exchange over estrangement," he said.

In reply, President Castro delivered a strong attack on the US for its sanctions, which he described as "the most prolonged, unjust and brutal blockade in history". He said: "No state should think it has the right to kill another people by hunger and sickness. That is genocide. It is converting a nation into a ghetto and applying a new version of the Holocaust."

The two leaders spoke at the opening of a \$40 million terminal at Havana International airport, half of it financed by Canada. Canadian companies are among the largest foreign investors in Cuba, and executives from the Canadian-owned Sherritt International mining giant have been banned from entering the US in retaliation.

Washington later hit back at Mr Castro's criticism, saying he had proved himself "woefully out of touch" when he called for organisers of the embargo to be put on trial as war criminals.

The White House spokesman Mike McCurry, commenting on Mr Chrétien's visit, acknowledged that US policy had not "brought about a blossoming of democratic liberties in Cuba". But he said: "We think over time it represents a better prospect for bringing about change."

The Helms-Burton law, under which the Canadian businessmen have been banned from the US, is at the heart of the dispute between Washington and the EU, which supports trade links with Cuba. The law, passed two years ago, has yet to be invoked against EU companies, but conflicts are looming.

Last week the United Nations Human Rights Commission nar-



Fidel Castro greets Jean Chrétien on his first visit to Cuba

rowly voted down, by 19 votes to 16, a US resolution to keep Cuba under special scrutiny for another year. Eighteen countries abstained. A similar resolution has been approved every year since 1991.

Single gene offers clue to lung cancer

Tim Radford

SCIENTISTS who identified a single gene that protects against cancerous chemicals said this week that a cancer prevention pill could be undergoing trials within a decade.

The Scottish team's research found that a single gene may determine whether a smoker develops lung cancer. In an experiment with mice, scientists have demonstrated that the gene provides a vital defence against the toxic chemicals found in tobacco smoke.

Roland Wolf, the professor who led the team of scientists from Dundee, Glasgow and Edinburgh, said: "This is a very exciting finding. It's long been known that our bodies contain factors which determine our sensitivity to cancer-causing chemicals."

"Now we have shown for the first time that a single gene could be profoundly important in protecting us against cancer. That's good news, because it's easier to manipulate one gene than many."

Professor Wolf added: "I would hope that we could have a serious programme, at least in trial form, of cancer chemoprevention, by manipulating these types of genes specifically, in the next 10 years. I guess you might take it like you take a vitamin pill."

The breakthrough was made by testing carcinogenic chemicals on the skins of mice. Those mice that lacked a particular gene developed three times as many pre-cancerous tumours as those with the gene.

Rwanda takes revenge on killers

Greeks lose their cherished leader

HK's ex-governor given Ulster role

Blair: Labour's hero or traitor?

Wall St traders in the doghouse

Austria	AS30	Malta	50c
Belgium	BF90	Netherlands	G 5
Denmark	DK17	Norway	NK 16
Finland	FM 10	Portugal	E500
France	FF 14	Saudi Arabia	SR 6.60
Germany	DM 4	Spain	P 300
Greece	DR 500	Sweden	SK 19
Italy	L 3,500	Switzerland	SF 3.80

2 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Support for Khmer Rouge must be choked off

IT SHOULD be remembered that the secret United States bombing of Cambodia in the late 1960s and early 1970s provided the then obscure Khmer Rouge with the necessary support from the rural population to obtain power (Pol Pot the monster we created, April 26). The bombing killed more than 500,000 Cambodian civilians, about a third as many people as Pol Pot. It is ironic that one of the chief architects of the secret bombing, Henry Kissinger, has been extensively interviewed about Pol Pot in the wake of his death days but has largely escaped the condemnation he deserves for his role in Cambodia's tragic history.

When the Khmer Rouge retreated to the Thai-Cambodia border in 1979, they were supported by, among others, the governments of the US, Britain and Thailand. By the late 1980s, in addition to providing arms, the Thai military and top level politicians were facilitating an extensive trade in timber and gems with the Khmer Rouge.

The journalists who were driven by Jeep from Chongaa-nang pass to view Pol Pot's body and to write stories about the "death of the world's most evil man" evidently did not question where the Jeep and fuel came from. It is certain that the fuel came from Thailand and probable that it was supplied from the petrol station at nearby Lamong junction, which is just one of the Thai-based businesses owned by the new Khmer Rouge chief, "the butcher" Ta Mok.

While Thailand has, under pressure, reduced its support to the Khmer Rouge, the rump of this organisation would be finished in days if they were unable to obtain sup-

plies from across the border. It is essential that the ban on the cross-border timber trade remains in place.

Patrick Alley,
Global Witness, London

THE European Union is donating \$11 million to fund elections in Cambodia in July — provided that the elections are likely to be "reasonably free and fair". But the ballot-counting mechanism is fundamentally flawed. According to the Phnom Penh Post (the leading English language newspaper in Cambodia), the votes are likely to be counted at each of the 17,000 polling stations in the villages where they are cast. One observer commented: "It should take village chiefs all of five minutes to work out who voted against the CPP" (the ruling Cambodian People's party).

And presumably not much longer to organise local gangs to punish those concerned. Village chiefs are government functionaries; that means most are now CPP supporters. And whether or not the CPP disbands its armed militias as promised, village chiefs will still be able to mobilise their members.

The system of counting ballots is similar to that used in Indonesia, where it has returned the same dictator to power, in internationally accepted "democratic" disguise, for 35 years.

The real issue for Cambodia is not who wins in July, since everyone already knows who will still be in power. The real issue is not these elections, but rather those to come, in 2003 and 2008.

Colin Alfred,
London

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Howard's way to grab land

CHRISTOPHER Zinn accurately describes the government issue fog around Native Title, but not the reality (Howard set to call poll on land rights, April 19). Native Title is the Aborigines' right of access for traditional pursuits to former tribal lands expropriated and still held by the Crown. Some 42 per cent of the land area of Australia is Crown Land leased for pastoral purposes at peppercorn rents to some 1,500 entities, including such weathered toilers as Bankers Trust, the Sultan of Brunei, Rupert Murdoch and a number of MPs.

Howard's Native Title Amendment Bill seeks to severely restrict this residual right while gratuitously expanding the lessees' rights to those of general agriculture.

The Bill is a land grab on behalf of some very big money. Howard's solemn denial of any intent to conduct a race-based campaign has been holed by the revelations of a former campaign consultant that Howard's Liberal party has been studying the Willie Horton style of veiled appeals to racism used by the Bush campaign in the United States.

John Hayward,
Weegena, Tasmania, Australia

AUSTRALIA'S deep involvement in the training and equipping of Indonesia's military influences us as well as them. The government's Neanderthal attempt to bludgeon the dock workers has more in common with Suharto's terror regime than with Australian concern for the underdog and freedom of expression. Unions are the target in all the repressive regimes in our region. The Howard government, in its desperate attempt to be part of Asia, has successfully demonstrated "Asian values" to a worldwide audience.

Perhaps this is the real reason behind the volcanic upheaval now tearing our social fabric. The government's rejection of Australian values also shows itself in diplomatic efforts now taking place in Geneva to get Britain to scuttle the United Nations Human Rights Commission Resolution on East Timor.

People have demonstrated at docks around Australia that they are not prepared to sit back and let evil flourish. Let us hope this leads to a renaissance of active support for the fight for human dignity and justice in East Timor and throughout Asia-Pacific. After all, working people have more in common with each other than with the their own powerful and usually corrupt elites.

Gareth W R Smith,
O'Connor, ACT, Australia

Canada's real ethnic diversity

HOWARD SCHNEIDER's report on Canadian cultural diversity (Race helps soccer score over old sports, April 12) is breathtaking in its misinformation.

Nowhere in the article does he mention native peoples, and the figures he quotes — "Half of Canada's 10 provinces have minority populations of less than 4 per cent" — seem to have completely missed them out, as if he were writing some 19th century colonial report.

I live in the classic small town in a classic redneck province of Alberta,

which, viewed from afar (or from Toronto), might seem a bastion of white European origins. However, a large proportion of the 11,000 population are native, and the school with which I am associated has children of a wide diversity of ethnic origins, from Asia to Scotland.

Perhaps Schneider should come out and see how the other Canada lives.
(Dr) Mark Morris,
Wetaskiwin, Alberta, Canada

A DEMONSTRATION in Ottawa, on March 20, against the massive Canadian seal hunt, casts a light on the book review about the tragic crash of Canada's cod (February 15). The idea, unfortunately unsuccessful, was to convince delegates to the ruling Liberal party's policy convention that the Canadian government should not blame the seals for what the fishing industry has done to the cod.

Canada permits close to 300,000 seals to be killed yearly, partly on a pretext that this will help revive the cod fishing (ie, we'll kill one species so that we can kill more of another).

Sholome Perel,
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

VSO recruits help themselves

I AM A selfish 25-year-old of the "me first" generation (The victory of me over we, March 15). I am working as a volunteer for VSO in China. I took the VSO opportunity first and foremost to improve my life. I'm lucky that what makes me happy is going to help others. I didn't sacrifice two years of my life to save the world, and out of the 150 VSO volunteers in China, I don't know anyone who did. I, like many other volunteers, left Britain in debt from student loans. I intend to pay mine off with the resettlement grant VSO provides.

I teach English to Chinese students and it is the most rewarding job I've experienced. For the first time in my life I have my own, comfortable flat. I earn about £100 a month; which is more than enough to live on in China. I am learning every day about China and myself. I am the most content I've been in my life and I have decided to extend my two-year contract to three years.

I was surprised by the attitude from VSO in the article "VSO fights shortage of recruits" (March 8), as from my experience they've been the most understanding and supportive organisation I've worked for. If anything, they discourage a self-serving attitude in their volunteers, knowing that this will only lead to disillusionment, as the steps made in the developing world are very small. I feel that there are lots of other selfish individuals around that VSO would welcome with open arms.

Nicola Duffy,
Longing, China

YOUR readers' letters about the culpability of the present establishment in the declining fortunes of VSO miss a telling fact: that the same issue in which you report the crisis at VSO (March 8) includes a guide to MBA courses with such headlines as "Making the right choice", "Sticking to your own agenda" and "MBAs — worth the investment".

Nick Frankel,
Richmond, Virginia, USA

Briefly

A PART from the horrific impact that instability has had and Africa's great lakes region, the article by Anna Borzello on rebel activity in Garamba National Park (Rebels unite to threaten Museveni, April 19) provides an excellent opportunity to stress the effects of war and civil unrest on wildlife too. The article amply demonstrates the severe difficulties under which conservationists often struggle to ensure that when peace returns to war-torn areas, the wildlife resource upon which social and economic development partially depends remains intact.

John Newby,
World Wildlife Fund International,
Nyon, Switzerland

CLIVE Hambler, a conservation ecologist at Balliol College, Oxford, is quoted as saying that fairness and efficiency in meeting basic human needs is nothing to do with science (March 29). It would take a very narrow and impoverished scientific view to fail to see the connections between technology's negative impacts and social deterioration; between exploitation of people and exploitation of their resources; between poverty and environmental degradation; between feelings of self-worth and care for our surroundings. Basic human needs are part of the equation, and Balliol College must wake up if it is to help find solutions.

Ruben McCarthy,
Rabat, Morocco

I AM prompted to write after reading the article on the Cuban health system (April 5). What strikes me most, apart from the tragedy of it all, is that a country which claims moral leadership of the world is to a large extent responsible for this situation: the United States.

Zsuzsanna Rabady,
Schwarzenau, Austria

DR PAUL Scott has some problems differentiating between brilliant mathematicians and brilliant gynaecologists (April 19): I would suggest that there is none: as in all fields of human endeavour, a person can always be deemed brilliant if they shine a light where there was once darkness.

Jon G,
Ipswich, Suffolk

NOTICED in the "Letters to the Editor" section of the April 19 issue that five out of the 15 correspondents were titled "Dr" and/or called "Paul". Is this part of an international conspiracy?

Dr Paul Heaton,
New Plymouth, New Zealand

The first 22 were executed last week, some in Kigali, others in

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DEAD fish float up to shore on the Guadalquivir river outside Seville on Monday after a burst dike of a mine reservoir dumped toxic waste into the Guadalquivir river last weekend. Makeshift dikes have been used to divert the toxic mud from the Guadalquivir to the nearby Doñana national park, Europe's biggest bird reserve.

The Spanish environment minister, Isabel Tocino, claimed that engineers had succeeded in saving the reserve by diverting the water — which contains residues from lead, copper, zinc and silver mining — towards the sea and away from the reserve. But environmentalists argued that it was a disaster that had been waiting to happen.

Ms Tocino said she would be taking legal action against Boliden Ltd, the Swedish-Canadian company which owns the mine.

PHOTOGRAPH: EMILIO MORENO VATTI

Rwanda executes first 22 Hutu killers

Alonso Rojo in Kigali

IT WAS the woman who took the longest to die. When they brought her out of the pick-up, dressed in prisoners' pink pyjamas, she had walked slowly to the place of execution. She was barefoot and did not glance at the crowd, which stood excitedly on recognising her.

Virginia Mukankusi was a school inspector. In 1994, when the genocide that accounted for the lives of more than 500,000 Tutsis began in Rwanda, she became famous in the capital, Kigali, for her extraordinary cruelty. Her killings were usually accompanied by a macabre ritual: she would let her victims beg at length and then, suddenly, when the victim thought he or she was going to be let off, she would order accomplices to cut him or her to pieces.

Like the rest of those facing execution, she neither said a word nor shed a tear. She allowed herself to be tied up roughly and stared into space while she waited for them to cover her head with a black hood. She did not even change expression when they attached a bib with a target in the centre to her chest.

As still as a statue, she spent 10 interminable minutes waiting for the shots to ring out. There are more than 100,000 people in prison in Rwanda accused of participating in the slaughter four years ago. Only 330 have been tried. Twenty have been acquitted, 194 have been given long prison sentences and 116 have been sentenced to death.

The first 22 were executed last week, some in Kigali, others in



PHOTOGRAPH: EMILIO MORENO VATTI

Nyamata, Muvambe, Gikongoro and Cyasamakamba. All were shot by firing squad in public.

There were probably more than 100,000 people in Kigali. Armed police and soldiers searched everyone. They had strict orders not to let in anyone with a camera or tape recorder. Some had clambered into trees, others on to traffic lights. Most were squashed together pushing, protesting, dodging the blows of the police in a desperate attempt to get a better view.

Four pick-ups appeared in the distance. It was evident from the clamour of the crowd that they had brought something important.

A quarter of an hour passed before the local dignitaries had taken their seats in the first row, the soldiers had found a plastic bag with the ropes, and the judges had wrapped themselves in their robes.

After another 15 minutes they brought the first prisoner out of the pick-up and led him to the post. His name was Frouald Karamira and, like was a politician of some renown in the previous regime. The fourth person to get out was Mukankusi.

So that the body should not crumple, those that are to die by firing squad tend to be tied tightly to the post. Another soldier arrived with white bibs, in the centre of which had been painted a black square. Helped by another soldier he put them on the four, making sure the target was centred on each prisoner's breastbone. All that was lacking was the firing squad.

The crowd was growing impatient when two white four-wheel drive vehicles arrived on one side of

the field. Then, suddenly, the doors opened and five young men wearing the blue uniform of the municipal police tore out of them with black masks over their faces and Kalashnikovs in their hands.

They headed quickly for the stakes and, when they were a metre away, opened fire. They began with the man on the left. Each of the hooded policemen pulled the trigger a couple of times at close range, then ran to do the same with the next prisoner along. The entire disturbing and alarming operation lasted barely 10 seconds.

The spectators then went wild. Many of them ran to the stakes to see the blood close up, others shouted and screamed and the



Frouald Karamira, one of the 22 Hutus executed last week

whole affair began to take on the air of a festival.

"Justice has been done. But it is not enough," a man with a long scar on his face said. "It would have been better to cut off their fingers one by one and then kill them slowly they way they killed our children."

The Rwandan president, Pasteur Bizimungu, whose government had rejected appeals for clemency from the Pope, Amnesty International and several foreign governments, has emphasised that the executions are intended only as a "lesson" to those that kill the innocent. "We are not sadists," he said. "But it is necessary for justice to be done."

In the butchery that began in April 1994 the army, Hutu militias and tens of thousands of enthusiastic Hutu civilians threw themselves into an orgy of killing that lasted for three months. The massacre ended only when Tutsi rebels seized power.

Last week's 22 executions were the first to take place in Rwanda since the new government brought in "swift" trials 18 months ago. Both the procedure and the defendants' scant rights have been criticised by international organisations. The Kigali government has defended itself, the trials and executions, arguing that neither the United Nations nor the international community did anything to prevent the slaughter in 1994.

The UN, which has set up its own court in Tanzania to judge those suspected of genocide, has yet to deliver a single verdict.

Alonso Rojo is a correspondent for El Mundo of Madrid

The Week

THE French defence ministry denied claims that secret meetings between one of its army officers and Radovan Karadzic, the former Bosnian Serb leader, in effect prevented Nato troops capturing the war crimes suspect.

Washington Post, page 15

FORMER French prime ministers Edouard Balladur and Alain Juppé defended their country's interventionist policy during the Rwanda genocide in the first openly recorded evidence before a parliamentary commission.

Le Monde, page 13

AN attacker beat Guatemala's Bishop Juan Gerardi Conedera to death two days after he presented a report on human rights violations during the 36-year civil war.

BURMA'S military government has sentenced San San, a leading member of the country's democracy movement, to 25 years in prison for giving an interview to BBC radio.

THE UN Security Council against Iraq in place, but the US acknowledged for the first time that Baghdad had made progress on nuclear weapons' compliance.

MILLIONS of Nigerians boycotted nationwide legislative polls that General Sani Abacha had called as part of his transition to civilian rule, claiming they were rigged.

Washington Post, page 18

VIAGRA, a drug which is claimed to cure male impotence, has become the fastest-selling new drug in the US.

A JAPANESE court ordered the government to pay \$2,300 to three former Korean "comfort women" who were forced into sexual slavery by the army during the second world war.

JAMES Earl Ray, who was jailed after confessing to the murder of the civil rights leader Martin Luther King in 1968 but then withdrew his confession, has died aged 70.

Washington Post, page 16

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Handwritten note: "The first 22 were executed last week, some in Kigali, others in"

4 INTERNATIONAL NEWS

EU presses Belgrade over Kosovo

Stephen Bates in Luxembourg

EUROPEAN foreign ministers sought desperately to gain a grip on the escalating violence in Kosovo by stepping up sanctions on Belgrade on Monday and increasing pressure on Serbia to allow outside mediation in the dispute.

More than 20 people were killed last week in clashes between Serbian troops and presumed members of the Kosovo Liberation Army along the Albanian border.

Albanian Kosovans, who are in the majority in the Serbian province of Kosovo, attended the funerals of nine of those killed. Mourners said Serb authorities had killed the men after capturing them in police attacks on villages.

"The Serbian story about how these men were killed is a lie," said one at the funeral in Herec in southern Kosovo, near the border with Albania. "Serbian police attacked this area and people ran for their lives. These men were captured in the confusion and the next time we saw them was when the Serbs dropped their corpses at the end of the road."

Mindful of international criticism, particularly from the United States, that Europe was ineffectual in the Bosnian crisis, EU foreign ministers formally agreed bans on investment in Serbia and on visas for senior Serbian ministers, and confirmed the UN Security Council's arms embargo agreed last month. The US warned that further sanctions against Serbia ought to be considered.

The British Foreign Secretary, Robin Cook, chairing the meeting in Luxembourg, said: "These are im-



Ethnic Albanian mourners in the Kosovo village of Herec attend the funeral of compatriots killed by Yugoslav soldiers in border clashes last week. PHOTOGRAPH BY JUAN LUC

portant steps and they show the EU taking its duty seriously. Belgrade had better note that the outside world is not going to let this one go. The EU is determined that we are going to make sure that ethnic confrontation is not allowed to continue in any part of Europe."

Other Balkan states are also concerned about the increase of violence, fearful that it will spread to Albanian groups in neighbouring states. They fear that increased autonomy or independence for

Kosovo may lead to pressure for a greater Albania, creating an unstable and impoverished state taking in parts of Macedonia and drawing Greece into the conflict.

An official of the Organisation for Security and Co-operation in Europe said that Albania was not supporting hostile acts against Yugoslav forces in Kosovo. He suggested that the Belgrade government was trying to reduce the risk of sanctions by creating the impression that Albania was involved in the conflict. The six-coun-

try international contact group monitoring the crisis — Britain, France, Germany, Italy, the US and Russia — was expected to meet in Rome on Wednesday.

Slobodan Milosevic, the Yugoslav president and Serb strongman, has refused to allow the contact group into Kosovo, but the Kosovans have refused to hold talks with the Serbs without the presence of an international mediator.

Comment, page 12

Belgian fury at escape of sex criminal

Stephen Bates in Brussels

BELGIUM was in deep shock and its government was facing crisis this week as Belgium absorbed the news that its most notorious criminal this century, the child abductor, rapist and alleged murderer Marc Dutroux, had been allowed to escape from custody.

Police incompetence allowed Dutroux to slip through an open door for three hours on Thursday last week. He had been left unhandcuffed in the charge of just one officer at a country courthouse in the small town of Neufchâteau in south-east Belgium.

Jean-Luc Dehaene's coalition government faced a vote of no confidence in the Belgian parliament on Tuesday in the wake of near-universal criticism and ridicule. It was, however, expected to survive the vote.

Vigils and demonstrations were being organised outside courts across the country over the way Dutroux, supposedly the most heavily guarded man in the country, managed to give his captors the slip.

Mr Dehaene's administration is rocking, despite the resignation of the interior and justice ministers, with even its own supporters voicing dismay. King Albert II cut short a holiday in the south of France to fly home.

As the government struggled to regain credibility, Johan Vande Lanotte, the former interior minister, issued an apology to relatives of Dutroux's alleged victims.

Paul Tant, secretary of Mr Dehaene's Christian Democrat party, admitted: "We look like dirt. This is acceptable to no one."

Louis Vanvelthoven, leader of the government-supporting socialists, said: "No one in this country believed Dutroux could escape. This is the unpardonable slap in the face for the nation."

Dutroux, who is awaiting trial charged with the abduction and murder of two teenage girls and two eight-year-olds, the murder of an associate, and the abduction of two other teenagers, was at large for more than three hours. He has a previous conviction for abduction and rape.

Thomas Tindemans, a political consultant and son of a former prime minister, said: "This is a devastating blow. We are not just talking about a split but whether there is a government in this country at all... This is a national humiliation and people feel betrayed. There is no sympathy whatsoever for the government."

There are fears that the crisis could exacerbate the long-standing divisions between Belgium's French and Flemish populations. The two ministers who resigned are both Flemish, taking responsibility for shortcomings among French-speaking police. The ruling coalition, whose term of office still has more than a year to run, has a majority of 14 over rightwing parties. Its supporters know that they would be wiped out at an election in the current climate of opinion.

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
May 3 1998

INTERNATIONAL NEWS 5

Iran's moral enforcers beat a retreat

Julian Borger in Tehran

EACH warm evening this spring, Jordan Street has been witnessing the elaborate mating rituals of the well-to-do Tehran. It is a dance in the form of a circular traffic jam. BMWs and luxury Jeeps rub bumpers with more humble Paykans — Iran's reproduction of the Hillman Hunter — as they lumber up and down the tree-lined boulevard, making lazy turns at either end.

Some of the cars are filled with young men, exuding supreme nonchalance. Others are driven by women, their headscarves coquettishly pushed back to reveal a hint of hair above carefully made-up faces. Glances are thrown from window to window, and every few minutes a couple of cars will slip out of the flow to exchange passengers away from the revealing lights of the shops and pizza parlours.

This kind of drive-in dating has been a feature of the affluent northern suburbs for some years, but it has never been so open and relaxed as it is now. This spring one of the defining features of the Islamic Republic is conspicuous by its absence — over the past few months, the basiji, Iran's volunteer reserve moral enforcers of Jordan Street like a retreating army.

It may not seem like a revolutionary step, but this is how the pace of change has been measured since the reformist cleric Mohammed Khatami was elected president last May. There are a whole host of other subtle adjustments to the daily rules of the game, but at street level, the withdrawal of the basiji is the most tangible proof that a "new Iran" may be emerging.

From his key position selling ice-cream half way up Jordan Street, Ali, a 20-year-old with sharp eyes, is as well placed as any to observe the new rules in action. "You can always tell the basiji apart. They usually have beards and a different build. And they turned up in Nissan Patrols," he said. "They would stop boys and girls meeting on the street or in the park and take them in for questioning, but you just don't see them that much any more."

Two teenage boys go past, walking a little white dog, an "unclean" animal which until recently might easily have warranted a caution and perhaps an arrest. Arash and Majada, both 17-year-olds, are not worried.

"Since Khatami, the basiji have not come to Jordan Street. We're all united so they know they can't stop us," said Arash. A week earlier, when he and his friends were out lighting bonfires and leaping over them to celebrate the pre-Islamic Persian festival of Chahar-Shareh Suri, a group of basiji tried to pounce. "We ran into a friend's garden and they came after us. They beat me up and tried to drag me into their car, but we fought back and my father called the police. He knows someone there. We made a complaint and we're going to go to court."

The idea of suing the basiji would have been absurd until President Khatami's election. The Niruyeh Moghavesat Basiji — the Mobilisation Resistance Force — was the 400,000-strong right arm of the late Ayatollah Khomeini. Its volunteers were martyred in their tens of thousands in the Iran-Iraq war, and were given the role of moral police at home.

The supreme leader's equally conservative successor, Ayatollah Ali Khamenei, has been careful not to let any of Iran's overlapping security forces fall under the control of his newly elected rival. But the sheer weight of President Khatami's victory margin has made the conservative ayatollahs think twice about the use of force.

This shift of power applies beyond the ranks of the basiji. The conservatives' other main weapon — the Ansar e-Hizbullah (Followers of the Party of God) — has also been blunted. The hizbullah have traditionally served as club-wielding shock-troops for the hardline ayatollahs, breaking up meetings and rallies organised by their rivals.

However, six weeks ago — according to Hadi Semati, a Tehran University political scientist — the tide began to turn.

"In Bafegan, they tried to disrupt Friday prayers [led by a pro-Khatami local cleric] but they were arrested by the police. They were let go again, but it was a very significant moment. It was the first time any of these people had been arrested," Mr Semati said.

Farideh Farhi, another outspoken political commentator said: "There is a fundamental grassroots change in people's behaviour", which she shares herself. "Now when one of these people comes up to me and claims that my hair was not properly covered, I just walk on, and it's up to them to do something," she said.

But Ms Farhi believes the talons of conservative Islam have been retracted only temporarily as the hardline ayatollahs regroup. The forces remain at hand. "Nothing has been resolved. Lurking behind all these political fights is the potential for violence," she said.

The basiji headquarters in south Tehran is still bustling with activity, and huge murals depicting basiji martyrs dot the city. An interview request was politely declined. In the working-class suburbs near the base, the volunteers remain popular for their piety and for their patriotism and for bringing the rich kids of the northern suburbs down a peg or two.

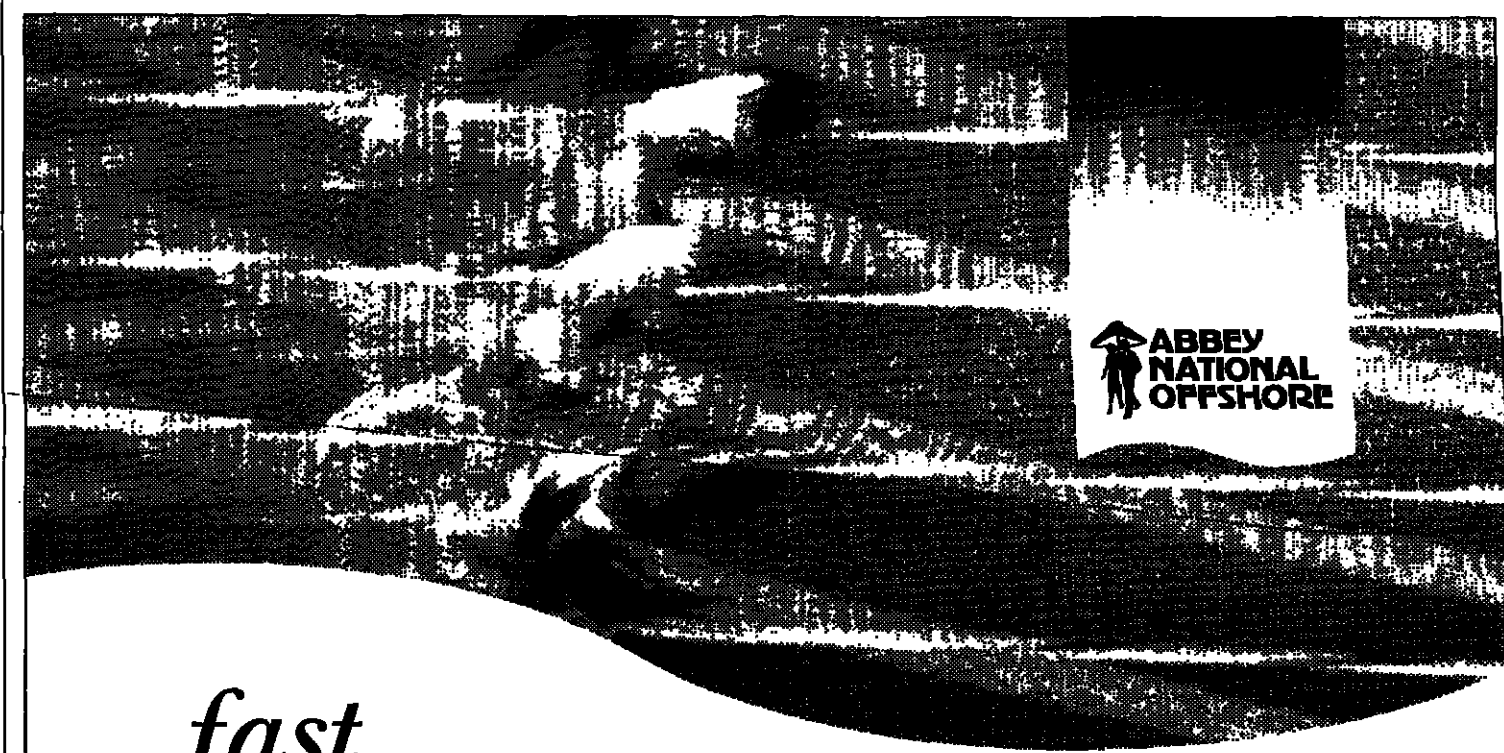
The cruisers of Jordan Street are well aware their new-found social freedoms do not yet extend much beyond the Tehran city limits. Majada, one of the dog-walkers, had his head forcibly shaven by basiji when he was recently on holiday by the Caspian Sea.

But the small changes of the past year have left many young Tehrans dreaming of much more. "Sure, we can come and get a pizza," said Shahram, a 25-year-old out for the evening with his girlfriend and her brother. "But that's not real freedom. Young people want to be able to choose our own destiny. These are the real basic freedoms we just don't have."

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US bans gun sales to UK

THE United States has told Britain it will cancel all pending licences for the export of American small arms to British companies as a first step towards stopping the supply of US guns to the European Union, writes Richard Norton-Taylor.

It is understood that outstanding licences for US firearms exports to Britain cover more than 14,000 guns. Washington has warned that no new licences will be issued until EU governments tighten controls to guarantee that the weapons are not re-exported "to the bad guys", a senior US official told the New York Times.

US firearms sold to European companies have ended up in the hands of terrorists and organised criminal gangs, as well as in war zones in former Yugoslavia, Turkey and Central Africa, according to US and European law-enforcement officials attending the annual meeting of the United Nations Commission on Crime Prevention and Criminal Justice in Vienna.

The irony of the US, which has limited firearms controls, stopping trade to Britain, which has the strictest, was not lost on British officials.

But the US move was taken the day Oxfam published a report that said Britain's small arms and ammunition exports were still ending up "in the wrong hands", despite a government pledge not to sell weapons to countries with poor human rights records.

'Hot air' market is set for take-off

James Meek in Moscow

WITHOUT waiting for the rest of the world, the United States, Russia and Ukraine are pressing ahead with talks on starting to trade in a new international commodity so intangible as to sound like a byword for fraud: non-existent hot air.

If their plans are realised, the US — the world's biggest polluter, which spews more than five tonnes of pure carbon into the air for each of its 260 million inhabitants each year — will be able to go on doing so. It will "buy" surplus rights to pollute from the collapsed economies of the former Soviet Union.

Carbon trading, as the scheme is known, was accepted in principle at the Kyoto climate conference last December. But no steps to set it up were to have been taken until a further meeting in Buenos Aires in November.

Yet the Russian and Ukrainian governments have said they want to go ahead with carbon trading and are discussing with Washington how to implement the scheme.

Carbon trading is based on each country having a quota for the yearly amount of carbon dioxide it is allowed to release into the atmosphere.

Because many of Russia's and Ukraine's smokiest old factories have shut down or are working at reduced capacity, the two countries now emit far less pollution than their quota allows. The US and other developed countries want to buy the rights to the difference —

the carbon dioxide Russia and Ukraine are allowed to emit but do not — and present them next century as credits against their own emissions.

Vladimir Berdin, a Russian climate expert involved in talks with US officials, denied reports from Kyoto that a "Carbon Club" had been formed linking Russia with the US, Canada and Japan. "There's no such thing as a club as such. But we are carrying on talks, yes," he said.

Mr Berdin said he would oppose a carbon-trading scheme unless the money Russia received was used to decrease his country's actual air pollution, either by planting new forests or by modernising factories and power plants.

But there are fears that the prospects of money for nothing may prompt Russia's treasury and struggling industrialists to demand that they benefit from the sale of pollution rights which are rightly theirs.

The weekly Moscow News reported that some Ukrainian and Russian defence plant directors were trying to steer income from carbon trading towards themselves in order to pay their workers' back wages and convert to civilian production.

According to the Kyoto agreement, international audits of each country's performance on reducing carbon emissions will not take place until 2008.



Bank row signals mayday for workers

EUROPE THIS WEEK
Martin Walker

NEVER let it be said that Europe's bankers lack a sense of humour. It smacks of more than coincidence that the traditional working-class holiday weekend of May Day was picked to launch the new single currency. But by May 3, the 11 members of the first wave will have been formally chosen, and the respective exchange rates of their national currencies set against the euro.

But it is still not at all certain that the third essential element of the process will be achieved. The choice of the head of the new European Central Bank, who thus becomes the most powerful unelected man on this side of the Atlantic, remains open.

Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, Gordon Brown, was careful to avoid any headlines in Luxembourg last week when he chaired the last European finance ministers' meeting before the big day. Indeed, he stressed that legally they could continue to bicker over the choice until July. He bluntly refused to make any comment on the effect this delay would have on the new bank's credibility and thus on the way the world's markets will perceive the euro and its independence from political squabbles.

Europe is not supposed to behave like this. Usually compromises are reached and a single figure, the choice is clear. Either one man gets the job, or he does not. And that is the problem now: does Germany's candidate get the responsibility of running the bank, or does the Frenchman win?

Paris apart, everybody had assumed that this had been fixed years ago, when Germany's Helmut Kohl had his stand-up shouting match with France's Jacques Chirac in Dublin, and the big guy won. (We know about the row because the Irish government had been co-operating with the BBC to produce a documentary on the birth of the

euro, and there was a camera in the room.)

Kohl, backed by most of the other European Union members, insisted that the reliable Dutch banker Wim Duisenberg be given the job of running the central bank's forerunner, the European Monetary Institute. This choice came with the broad understanding that he would then slide into the job of running the new bank once the euro was launched.

Chirac now says that his approval of Duisenberg to run the institute did not mean he should then run the bank. Chirac claims that long ago there had been a deal between Kohl and then President François Mitterrand that if Germany were to get the plum of hosting the new central bank in Frankfurt, a Frenchman would be its first boss. Not so, retort Kohl's people.

The issue has now become enmeshed in domestic French politics. In the rivalry between the centre-right president and the Socialist prime minister, Lionel Jospin. They do not agree on much, but in their first joint statement they pinned France's colours to the mast: the head of the Banque de France, Jean-Claude Trichet, should become Europe's first central banker.

To thicken the plot, Chirac and Trichet are old enemies, thanks to the antique rivalries between Gaullists and the rest of the French bourgeoisie. Trichet is an outsider, but they make the Montagues and Capulets seem like the best of chums. Cynical French observers see all this as a subtle Chirac plot to humiliate the old enemy.

As various European leaders have tried to negotiate a deal, with the sensible suggestion that perhaps Duisenberg might promise to cut short his eight-year term by four years and make way for Trichet, three main theories have been devised to explain the impasse.

The first, and most comforting, is that this is all the usual jostling of Euro-politics: the French are holding out till the last minute and will settle

for a plump piece of compensation elsewhere. Some suggest that the French want one of their own to replace the European Commission president Jacques Santer, from Luxembourg, when the term of the current commission ends in two years' time. Since the Frenchman Jacques Delors held the job for two terms before Santer, that looks unlikely.

The second theory is that the French just want to stop Duisenberg, who as an orthodox Teutonic-style banker, might be less than sympathetic to France's special needs on monetary policy.

The third theory is that we are seeing a fundamental clash between the Gallic and Teutonic ways of looking at the world, and the relative roles of politics and banking in Europe's economic policy. The French believe that politics comes first, that the state should be able to tell the bankers what to do, and that

a little inflation in the name of grander national designs never did anybody any harm. The Germans, schooled by memories of the Great Inflation of the 1920s and then by Ludwig Erhard's astutely orthodox management of the deutschmark after 1948, believe that sound money comes first and that politicians must be kept in their place.

These three theories are not mutually incompatible. But the third is by far the most serious because it points to the strains on the French-German axis, which has been the main engine of European integration since the 1950s. It also points to the serious problem the new single currency will face in convincing the markets that it will be more of a stable D-Mark than a supple French franc or indiarubber Italian lire. Above all, it points to the policy dilemma that the new central banker, be it Duisenberg, Trichet or

AN Other, will face. How the hell does one devise a single monetary policy, which is to say a single economic strategy, for a multi-national club in which the unemployment rates, and locations on the recovery curve of the economic cycle, vary so wildly?

This all adds up to a challenge tailor-made for Captain Miracle. Tony Blair is waspishly known by some of his diplomats after his success (so far) in Northern Ireland and the Middle East peace processes.

As the man who will chair the special May Day summit on the single currency, Blair will find his peace-making skills severely tested amid British protestations that they want to get the euro off to a good start (even though they do not want to join it just yet).

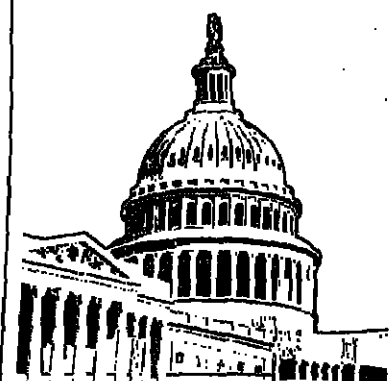
Whatever the outcome, Europe's working class may not have much to celebrate this May Day, as the political and banking elites battle over the man who will decide the workers' fate.



Happy together... French finance minister Dominique Strauss-Kahn and his British counterpart Gordon Brown at a European Union meeting in Luxembourg last week

PHOTOGRAPH BY ATLAS

Clinton can't beat craving for public approval



Washington diary

Martin Kettle

POLITICS is famously the art of the possible but, as with much else that was first spoken by Bismarck, the phrase is open to both a conservative and a radical interpretation. The conservative version says that political leaders should never become so obsessed by long-term goals that they are lured into unsustainable actions. The radical version, by contrast, says that leaders should use all ingenuity to achieve long-term goals, but should

not do so at the expense of political sustainability.

These different interpretations lie at the heart of much of postmodern politics. Indeed it is arguable that the great challenge following the ideological convergence of the 1990s in countries such as the United States and Britain is for progressive political leaders to learn how to exploit to the full the radical version of "the possible".

Bill Clinton's presidency has often aspired to pass this more demanding test. But the achievement has only intermittently matched the aspiration, with challenges too often ducked at the last moment. Last week there was a textbook example, in which Clinton showed he had lost none of his ability to agonise when forced to choose between the popular course and the right one.

Early on the morning of April 20, Clinton's health and human services secretary, Donna Shalala, met her advisers to approve the announcement she expected to give later that day, that the federal government had decided to finance a needle exchange programme for intravenous drug users as part of its anti-Aids drive.

The opposition to this approach is moral rather than pragmatic and has been most vociferously articulated by Republicans in Congress. It says that the policy subverts the message that Western societies are "at war" with drugs.

Behind this frontline argument, murkier calculations were being made, especially in the White House. Would the decision help or hinder Clinton's post-Levinson surge in the polls, and how would it play in this year's mid-term elections, which Democrats now suddenly believe they can win, and Republicans fear they may lose? Some advisers argued that the health arguments were so obvious that the more lurid scenarios could be ruled out. Others said that for Clinton to endorse a programme that helped users to take illegal drugs was both wrong in principle and politically dangerous.

This latest battle for Clinton's ear and soul ranged Shalala, domestic policy adviser Bruce Reed and Vice-President Al Gore on the pro-needle side, with drugs "tsar" Barry McCaffrey and top political adviser Rahm Emmanuel leading the anti-needle camp.

When Clinton left for his four-day trip to Chile on April 16, his subordinates believed that he had come down in favour of a federally-funded needle exchange. Though the inter-departmental arguments continued while Clinton was away from Washington, health department officials felt confident enough to tell Aids campaigners to expect a pro-needle decision.

However, shortly before 9am on April 20, Shalala was called from her meeting to take a call from White House chief-of-staff Erskine Bowles. He told her that the president had decided on the flight home from Chile that the political risks of the needle-exchange programme outweighed the practical benefits that the programme might bring.

Thus it was that, three hours later, Shalala faced the press and announced the exact opposite of the policy she had planned to unveil. The federal government would not agree to fund a needle exchange programme, she said. Needle exchange saved lives, she went on, but it was cities and states who should take the lead, not Washington.

It was an episode that showed the Clinton administration at its ambivalent worst. Clinton was repeating the mistakes he made when, as the incoming president in his first term,

he found himself entangled in issues such as gays in the military and gun control.

To some extent, of course, the indecision results directly from the adverse balance of political power in Clinton's Washington. If he had approved federal funding for the programme, the Republican-dominated Congress would have overturned the policy, leaving Clinton with another political rebuff and his supporters no better off.

Yet the principal reason, in the end, why Clinton came down against the needle exchange programme was clear. He feared the wider political impact of the decision upon public opinion in the US more than he feared what officials figures later in the week confirmed — the continuing steady spread of the HIV virus.

Officially, the administration has now drawn a line between needle exchange schemes, which already exist in many parts of the US, and federal funding for such schemes. Clinton now opposes this initiative. When the crunch came, Clinton went for the conservative version of the art of the possible, not for the radical alternative. He willed the end, but he could not deliver the means. That night, one day before Clinton's political epitaph.

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
May 3 1998

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
May 3 1998

Architect of modern Greece

OBITUARY
Konstantinos Karamanlis

KONSTANTINOS Karamanlis, who has died aged 91, was president of Greece for two terms, and, together with his great rival Andreas Papandreou, dominated Greek political life during the second half of the 20th century. As a deputy and a minister for 40 years, as prime minister for 14 years, and as president for 10 years, he played a key role in the transformation of Greece from a Balkan backwater into a modern European state.

Karamanlis was born in the village of Kupkoy, near Serres in Macedonia, when the region was still part of the Ottoman empire. He was always intensely proud of his Macedonian roots and retained to the end the bluff manner and accent of a provincial who had not been born into the charmed circle of the political elite. After studying at the University of Athens, he practised as a lawyer in Serres. In 1935, aged 28, he was elected a deputy for the conservative royalist People's party (Laiko Komma).

His first experience of political life, however, was limited to little more than a year, at which point the dictator, General Ioannis Metaxas, suspended the Greek parliament.

Re-elected to parliament in 1946, again for the People's party, he held minor office in a number of governments during the period of the Greek civil war (1946-49). He first attracted wider attention as a dynamic minister of public works in Marshal Papagos's Greek Rally (Ellinikos Synagermos) government of 1952-55. Although clearly a politician whose star was in the ascendant, it still came as a considerable shock to the political establishment when King Paul called on such a relative outsider to form a government on Papagos's death in 1955.

Karamanlis lost no time in re-casting the Greek Rally party in his own image as the National Radical Union (ERE) and, during the eight years of his first premiership, he laid the foundations of Greece's post-war prosperity.

If Karamanlis's fundamental commitment to democracy was manifested by the fact that his party was voted out of office in 1963, he none the less demonstrated a certain ruthlessness in manipulating the electoral system to further his party's interests. The opposition parties, with considerable justice, accused Karamanlis of rigging the 1961 election. But, he was clearly appalled when, in May 1963, Grigoris Lambrakis, a left-wing deputy and peace activist, was murdered by ultra-rightwing thugs.

The murder of Lambrakis and an increasingly open clash with the monarchy led to a growing disenchantment on Karamanlis's part with Greek politics. In 1963, he prematurely resigned and left the country in a huff.

Having narrowly lost the resulting election, Karamanlis retired to Paris, where he was to remain in self-imposed exile for 11 years. Thus he was outside Greece during the turbulent period that culminated in the colonels' coup of April 1967. None the less, it was almost by instinct that the Greek people and the politicians looked to him for salvation when the gross incompetence of the junta culminated in the 1974 Turkish invasion of Cyprus and a near war with Turkey. Arriving back

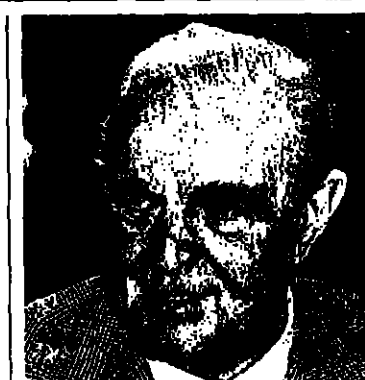
in Greece for the first time since 1963, Karamanlis was sworn in as prime minister on July 24, 1974. This was surely the hour of his greatest service to his country.

Armed with little more than his moral authority and an enormous groundswell of public support, he was able to ensure that a heavily armed and highly politicised officer corps not only returned to its barracks but also stayed there.

Having secured a bloodless return to democracy, Karamanlis set his sights with great determination on what had long been his principal objective, Greek accession to the European Economic Community. This heavy concentration on foreign

affairs meant that Karamanlis was unable to offer much resistance to Andreas Papandreou's Pasok party.

Sensing political defeat in 1980, Karamanlis used his majority in parliament to secure his election as president. As president, Karamanlis made no effort to use the reserve powers in the mildly Gaullist 1975 constitution. Hence he was all the more taken aback by Papandreou's surprise decision not to nominate him for a second term in 1985. Karamanlis was clearly angered by what he regarded as Papandreou's duplicity, although he was once again to be elected president in 1990 after the first Papandreou administration collapsed in a welter of scandal.



Karamanlis: untainted

In voluminous memoirs published after his second presidency had ended in 1995, he castigated his arch-rival Papandreou as "a common cheat, a demagogue and a hypocrite".

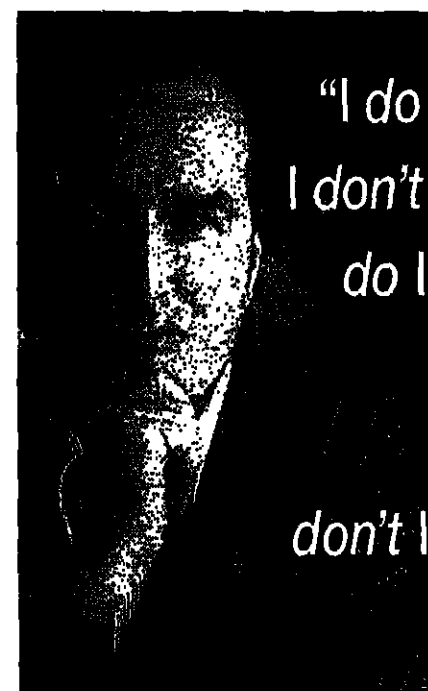
Austere, autocratic, untainted by corruption, and with his personal life something of a mystery, Karamanlis certainly lacked the suavity and intellectual sophistication, not to say the capacity for sophistry, of Papandreou.

But the fact that Greece enjoys a degree of political stability, social cohesion and economic prosperity far greater than that of her Balkan neighbours is due in no small measure to this bluff Macedonian son of a village schoolmaster.

He is survived by his former wife, Amalia Kanellopoulos. The couple had no children.

Richard Clogg

Konstantinos Karamanlis, politician, born March 8, 1907; died April 23, 1998



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Dounreay caught in the nuclear crossfire

Lawrence Donegan

IT WAS a very quiet end to a very big fuss. Just before 11am on Friday of last week 5 kilograms of nuclear material completed its journey from Georgia to Dounreay, bringing an end to days of hyperbole and headlines that had left many on the northerly tip of Scotland shaking their heads in disbelief.

Britain has taken the enriched uranium and about 1kg of spent nuclear fuel as part of an international effort to stop it falling into terrorist hands in the former Soviet Union.

"I'm very surprised that so much has been made of this," said an incredulous Lorraine Mann.

Ms Mann's words may sound like the soothing spin of a nuclear industry spokeswoman. In fact, she is the convener of an organisation called Scotland Against Nuclear Dumping.

"We have to start from first principles and ask ourselves, does this stuff need to come out of Georgia?" Ms Mann said. "We think it has to go somewhere and, on that basis, there is no reason that it should not go to Dounreay."

These views are at odds with those of the principal environmental groups such as Greenpeace and Friends of the Earth in London, who issued blanket condemnations of the deal brokered between Britain, the United States and Georgia.

But there was no protest as the material arrived at Dounreay on the back of two slow-moving container lorries after a five-hour drive from the RAF base at Kinloss, where it was flown in by the US air force.

"In relation to what's already being handled at Dounreay it is a very small amount. I'm not blasé — it's just that there's never been a problem," said Maurice Pottinger, who sold the 45 acres upon which Dounreay was built in the mid-1950s and who still farms around its perimeter.

This is not to say that everyone in Caithness is in favour of the activities inside Dounreay's perimeter fence. A referendum three years ago — paid for by an anti-nuclear group and run by the Electoral Reform Trust — found that two-thirds of those who voted did not approve of plans to reprocess US nuclear fuel at the Scottish plant.

Ms Mann insisted there was a huge amount of unspoken opposition to Dounreay, particularly over its attempts to attract "reprocessing contracts" from around the world.

"The previous government was allowing Dounreay's management to go around trying to tie up contracts to reprocess thousands of kilograms of this stuff, not from Eastern Bloc countries, which were in no position to handle such dangerous material, but from First World countries which could and should be expected to do so," she said.

Unlike Britain, the US and France have legislation barring the import of irradiated material.

Anthony Pointer, who has resigned as police chief in charge of guarding Britain's nuclear power installations, last week refused to back up claims that he was satisfied with their standard of security.



Lorries ferry the nuclear material into Dounreay. PHOTO: MURDO MACLEOD

Killer faces book deal curb

Luke Harding and Michael White

THE Government began moves this week to prevent criminals such as the child killer Mary Bell from profiting by collaborating on books about their lives.

The Home Secretary, Jack Straw, is considering including the payments in a strengthened version of the Proceeds of Crime Act, which is designed to confiscate the ill-gotten gains of drug dealers.

Bell is said to have been paid more than £50,000 for long interviews with Gitta Sereny, the author of a new book about her. Tony Blair has asked Mr Straw to confirm whether she will benefit financially from her collaboration.

Bell, now aged 41, was convicted 30 years ago of the manslaughter of two boys in Newcastle upon Tyne, and given a life sentence. She was released on licence in 1980 and given a new identity, which has been guarded by injunctions. The privacy aspect of the case will also be examined by the Home Office. Mr Straw has already announced

he is considering how to extend the scope of the Proceeds of Crime Act. Its success against drug dealers prompted what one minister called an attempt "to widen the confiscation of assets from a life of crime to stop people getting away with it".

The Home Office said Mr Straw disapproved of the idea of the book, irrespective of payment. He will also examine whether Bell's decision to talk compromises an injunction preventing her from being identified.

Ms Sereny defended the payment made to Bell, claiming that the book's purpose was serious and not sensationalist. She said: "It is an attempt to find out why this woman, as a child, committed two terrible acts and what her life has been like since."

The book, *Cries Unheard*, is to be published by Macmillan on May 7.

The Prison Service has also launched an investigation into reports that mass murderer Dennis Nilsen has smuggled his autobiography, *The History Of A Drowning Boy*, out of jail in an attempt to have it published. Nilsen was jailed in 1983 for killing 12 men.

Judge rules beef-on-bone ban absurd

Lawrence Donegan

AGRICULTURE minister Jack Cunningham was under pressure to scrap the beef-on-the-bone ban last week after the first prosecution was thrown out of court.

The case against Jim Sutherland, who served beef on the bone at a restaurant for 180 people last December, was dismissed at Selkirk sheriff

court after it was ruled that the wording of the legislation imposing the ban last December was defective and "manifestly absurd".

Farmers' leaders and opposition spokesmen claimed the ban was left in tatters after Sheriff James Paterson said the Beef Bones Regulations (1997) was too vague and that it criminalised anyone involved in the preparation of beef, including

anyone who stored it in refrigerators before distributing it to caterers and butchers.

Mr Sutherland, who owns the Lodge hotel near Selkirk, staged the "Farmers' Dinner" on December 22, five days after the government ban. He said he was delighted at the court's ruling. "It shows that the Government has got it seriously wrong on this occasion. The wording

of the regulations is absolutely crazy, and if I was Dr Cunningham I would have a look at this ruling," he said.

Dr Cunningham said that it would make no difference to the legislation. "This case turned on a legal technicality. The regulations are essential for the protection of public health and they remain in force," he said in a statement.

A spokeswoman for the National Farmers' Union described the events in Selkirk as a "victory for common sense".

Legal fees face challenge

Clare Dyer

THE lawyer who represented one of Kevin Maxwell's co-defendants was paid nearly £500,000 by the taxpayer in 1996-97 for his defence.

Peter Rook's payment is among the 20 highest from legal aid in that year. The 20 barristers will be named in a parliamentary answer this week as the Government squares up against increased Bar opposition to its plans to curb high legal aid fees.

The Lord Chancellor, Lord Irvine, enraged the Bar's leaders when he dubbed the profession's highest earners "fat cats" and pledged to cut their fees from legal aid. In a Lords debate last December he revealed that 35 unnamed barristers had received legal aid payments totalling between £270,000 and £575,000 for criminal work in 1996-97, and 20 others between £203,000 and £411,000 for civil work.

The top earner was Alun Jones QC, who defended Kevin Maxwell. The Maxwell case, the most expensive legal aid case yet, was said last October to have cost £14 million, with more bills to come.

The Government has been paving the way to cut legal aid fees for big criminal cases, mainly concerning fraud, with a series of public attacks. In December Lord Irvine said barristers earned much more than any other profession from taxpayers' money, and almost 1,000 earned more from legal aid in 1996-97 than hospital consultants are paid.

In an attempt to counter the bad publicity, the Bar Council has released copies of letters to the legal aid board from some of the high earners protesting that the figures are misleading. They say the sums are wrongly portrayed as annual earnings, when they include VAT, often cover work done over more than one year, and take no account of expenses.

Daniel Brennan QC, vice-chairman of the Bar, who received £380,000 from civil legal aid in 1996-97, said he won most of his cases and therefore most of his fees were reimbursed to the legal aid board by the loser.

In Brief

IAN OLIVER, chief constable of Scotland's Grampian force, announced his resignation after repeated calls for him to give a damning report on the force's handling of the murder of an Aberdeen schoolboy.

VEGETARIAN Clare Tomlinson has become the 25th person to die of the human version of mad cow disease.

LABOUR MP Fiona Jones has been prosecuted over allegations that she knowingly made a false declaration of election expenses incurred in winning her Newark seat a year ago.

SPANISH fishermen have been ordered to pay more than £1 million in fines and costs by a judge in Pembrokeshire after pleading guilty to offences of over-fishing.

SCIENTISTS have found that extra folic acid, found in dark, leafy vegetables, may prevent Alzheimer's disease.

DEBORAH Parry and Luc McLaughlin, two British nurses tried for murder in Saudi Arabia, may be free from prison within two weeks, according to their Saudi lawyer.

AN AUSTRALIAN nanny, Louise Sullivan, accused of connection with the death of a month-old Caroline Jonsson in London, has been released on conditional bail.

DRUG-related crime is at an all-time high in Britain, according to research showing that more than six out of 10 suspects held in police stations test positive for illegal drugs. An extra £5 million a year — to be taken from the seized profits of traffickers — has been allocated to fight the problem, which is costing the country 800 times as much.

THE family of Linda McCartney admitted misleading the public about her death in Arizona to guarantee privacy, dismissed speculation that her death had been "assisted".

CATHOLICS denied work under public contracts in Northern Ireland and barred from pursuing claims of religious discrimination have taken test cases to the European Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg.

DOLLY, the world's first cloned sheep, produced her first offspring, Bonnie, as a pair found that 81 per cent of adults are opposed to cloning.

THE sea at some of Britain's top resorts, including Blackpool and Bognor, is so polluted with sewage that it fails to meet minimum water quality standards.

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
May 3 1998

Super bug threat to health

Paul Brown and Sarah Besseley

MISUSE of antibiotics in intensive farming and overprescribing by doctors represent major threats to public health and could undo the 20th century miracle of taming killer diseases such as tuberculosis and meningitis, the Government was warned last week.

The House of Lords' science and technology committee said in a report highly critical of doctors, hospitals and vets: "There is a dire prospect of returning to the pre-antibiotic era."

The report says that there are already bacteria dubbed "super bugs" in British hospitals which are resistant to antibiotics used as last-resort treatments for patients.

These bugs, known as MRSA, have become resistant because similar antibiotics have been used for 20 years on farms to promote the growth of intensively reared chickens, turkeys, pigs, sheep and cows. The bugs are now "one step away from untreatable".

Research shows that bacteria in animals dosed with antibiotics develop resistance. These bacteria are released into the environment and infect the farming community — from where they can reach the rest of the population.

Mirroring the BSE, or mad cow

disease, crisis, the committee was told that repeated warnings had been ignored in the interests of farmers and drug companies.

There were also serious problems in the National Health Service, where doctors routinely overprescribed antibiotics to patients by 20 to 50 per cent. The report recommends a major re-education of doctors to willing to prescribe and a campaign to enlighten young mothers who put pressure on their GPs to hand out unnecessary drugs. But it recognises care should be taken not to deter the patient from seeking help, or the doctor from giving it.

Lord Soulsby, chairman of the committee, said: "Misuse and

overuse of antibiotics are now threatening to undermine all their early promises and success in curing disease. But the greatest threat is complacency, from ministers, the medical professions, the veterinary service, the farming community, and the public at large.

"Action must start now if we are not to return to the bad old days of incurable diseases before antibiotics were available."

The World Health Organisation is warning of the dangers of a global plague of tuberculosis. Drug-resistant strains are likely to be carried round the globe by airline passengers, who will infect others through coughs and sneezes. Cases of antibiotic-resistant malaria, meningitis, gonorrhoea, typhoid and pneumonia are also a serious problem.

One witness, Richard Young of

the Soil Association, told the committee: "The Government should take this situation seriously and start to phase out the use of antibiotics for the short-term profits of the farming industry. The indiscriminate use of antibiotics in farming is the root cause of the resistance of bacteria."

The National Farmers Union was criticised for refusing to give evidence, but Brian Jennings, chairman of the health and welfare committee of the NFU, said he was unaware that the union had been invited. "Antibiotics are a useful tool and we want to continue to use them, but we are in favour of strict controls."

He said he had yet to see any convincing evidence that there were human health implications in farmers using antibiotics as growth enhancers.

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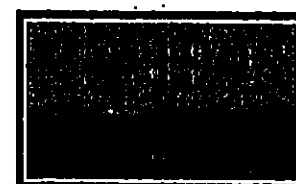
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10 UK NEWS

Cook promotes global ethics

Ian Black

BETWEEN "the row and the kow-tow," there is a "third way" of promoting global human rights in a way that makes a real difference, the Foreign Secretary, Robin Cook, claimed last week.

Unveiling the Government's first report on human rights, a key element of what he has called the "ethical dimension" of Labour's foreign policy, Mr Cook insisted that "practical partnerships can be built to make a change for the better".

Flanked by the International Development Secretary, Clare Short, Mr Cook said dialogue with China and co-operation with Indonesia and the Philippines were examples of real practical progress.

"There will be those who say we should condemn abuse more loudly and pick fights rather than promote partnership," he said. "We are not afraid to condemn when working

together is not an option, but we want to make a change, not just make a point."

The 56-page report, welcomed by Amnesty International and other charities and development groups, acknowledges dilemmas in placing human rights at the centre of foreign policy. But it also highlights advances, including the establishment of the Human Rights Project Fund of £5 million and areas where Britain is taking the lead to end child labour and stop the involvement of children in armed conflict.

The shadow foreign secretary, Michael Howard, denounced Mr Cook's policy as a sham. "We too refused to sell defence equipment that was likely to be used to suppress human rights," he said. He claimed that the uncertainty caused by government policy had led to delays in granting export licences for perfectly innocuous equipment and that orders had been lost to rivals.

But Mr Cook said: "One of the points I found deeply depressing about the criticism when we started out on this project were the complaints that if you raise concerns about human rights you will damage relations with all countries and undermine commercial contracts."

"We resisted that polarisation of foreign relations either as a row or a kow-tow. We have found a third way and have been able to develop economic co-operation without being prevented from speaking honestly."

Later, Mr Cook showered Britain's secret intelligence services with unprecedented public praise for adapting to the "fresh priorities" of the Labour government in fighting international crime and drugs barons.

Mr Cook spoke of the agencies' work in tracking terrorist groups and in revealing Iraq's continuing attempts to stockpile banned chemical and biological weapons.



The International Development Secretary, Clare Short, launching Co-op "soundly sourced" 99 Tea from approved plantations, in line with the Government's Ethical Trading Initiative. PHOTO: MARTIN SPENCER

Sawyer's vibrant party piece

PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH
Simon Hoggart

THE Neill Committee on standards in public life met last week to take evidence from, among others, the Labour party.

Their title may just say "standards", but what these Neillies really believe in are high standards. The absolute tops. In fact, they have drawn up and printed Seven Principles of Public Life. These are: Selflessness, Integrity, Objectivity, Accountability, Openness, Honesty and Leadership. And sitting round camp fires going "dyb dyb dyb".

Where have these people been? You might as well ask a rugby team to cleave to the principles of Gentleness, Consideration and Turning the Other Cheek.

Tom Sawyer, the general secretary of the Labour party, arrived in shop steward mode. Addressing Lord Neill as "Chair", he said how grateful he was "to help you in your endeavours and to assist you with your deliberations".

He then proposed to read a lengthy statement. Lord Neill gently pointed out that this would not be necessary. A look of mild panic crossed Mr Sawyer's face. For an old union apparatchik to begin without an opening statement would be like the Archbishop of Canterbury starting dinner without grace. Or for Princess Margaret to kick off without a gin and a fag.

"To make sure it is on the public record I would like to read it out," he said grimly.

He announced that political

parties were important and that their members were important too. "This concept was developed by Tony Blair during the many years of Opposition," he vouchsafed.

You'd have thought from his reverential tone that this Great Idea ("people are important") had been dreamed up by Chairman Mao during the Long March, or the Equally Tedious April. In fact, the concept as designed by Tony Blair is that people should phone the Labour party, read out their credit card number, and leave the rest to him.

But by this time Mr Sawyer was away. Labour, he said, was now "upbeat... modern, active, vibrant and growing". There were, however, problems with party funding. "We could be vibrant more regularly if these problems were cleared up."

What did he mean? How can you be regularly vibrant? Was vibrancy some kind of euphemistic code? The drift of Mr Sawyer's remarks was that Labour was open and honest about its funding, unlike another major party which he could name but chose not to.

Lord Neill seemed sceptical in a courteous sort of way. Was it not true that lobbyists could buy batches of Labour policy documents for £1,000 a time? Wasn't this a form of funding?

Mr Sawyer replied with a majestic obfuscation: "I think that is a fair question, and I only wish I could give you an answer which would allow you to go home and write your report without delay, but it is more complicated than that, and I am being very honest here." Oh, right.

Paedophile law may change after riots

Michael White

THE Home Secretary, Jack Straw, this week flagged up plans to keep dangerous paedophile offenders behind bars indefinitely, but condemned the "disgraceful behaviour" of people who rioted in Bristol over the released child killer Sidney Cooke.

In an attempt to defuse public concern over the highly publicised release of offenders such as Cooke, the Home Secretary emphasised that ministers intend to obtain greater control over them.

"It is vital that people do not take the law into their own hands," Mr Straw stressed on a weekend when the Liberal Democrat leader, Paddy Ashdown, was also criticised in his Yeovil constituency, near Bristol, for standing up to what he called "lynch mobs".

Mr Straw said the proposed Sex Offenders Order will become part of the Crime and Disorder Act, which reaches its Commons committee stage this week. The order gives the police power to stop offenders acting in ways which could threaten children, such as loitering near playgrounds.

"Someone like Sidney Cooke, who is on the Sex Offenders Register anyway, could be subject to one of these Sex Offender Orders and that would lay down controls over

him," Mr Straw said. Extended supervision orders for those sentenced in the future — which do not apply to past offenders like Cooke — are also planned.

The Home Secretary confirmed that measures may be on the way to keep dangerous criminals behind bars indefinitely, though such a proposal could fall foul of civil liberty lobbyists and the European Convention on Human Rights.

As a holding measure he signalled the Government's intention to look at "the idea of indeterminate sentences for those who are dangerous, like Cooke, but who are not within the mental health system".

The Department of Health is already examining the risks of releasing violent schizophrenics, unsupervised, into the community.

Mr Straw was uncompromising about the "petrol bombs and thuggery" over Cooke outside a Bristol police station where it was believed Cooke was hiding. He revealed police fears that vigilante activity will simply drive paedophiles undercover, making their supervision still harder.

Organisers of the protests in Yeovil are planning to link up with other anti-paedophile campaigns around the country in an effort to maintain the momentum they believe has been built up.

Following their stormy meeting

with Mr Ashdown, the protesters complained that politicians did not appear to understand the strength of feeling on the issue and urged the Government to speed up new measures to protect the public from convicted paedophiles.

Parents stormed out of the meeting with Mr Ashdown last Saturday after he said the protests were hindering attempts to resolve the issue of long-term residence for Cooke.

Official attempts to maintain vital surveillance of known paedophiles are close to breakdown because of the wave of vigilante attacks and media "outings" of sex offenders, the probation service warned.

A survey of half the probation services in Britain indicates that most of the vigilante action has happened since September, when the introduction of the Sex Offender Register raised false expectations that the public would be told the whereabouts of all released paedophiles.

"This gives us firm evidence that real damage is being done to innocent children and adults by people taking the law into their own hands. Existing vital and effective supervision and surveillance operations are being destroyed," said Gill Mackenzie, Gloucestershire's chief probation officer. "Offenders, once they are driven out of contact, are likely to be a much greater risk."

Humiliated college regains academic kudos

Kamal Ahmed

THE ROUTE from intellectual disaster to intellectual triumph is often long and rarely smooth. Last week Birkbeck College completed the journey, to the clear relief of those involved.

The London university college was a laughing stock last year after receiving the ignominious distinction of having recorded the lowest score in BBC Television's University Challenge.

But this year the college can hold its head high after just being pipped to the 1998 title by Magdalen College, Oxford.

Magdalen, which is the first institution in the programme's 36-year history to win the

University Challenge title two years running, beat Birkbeck by 225 to 195 points in one of the closest battles for years.

"We are glad we have laid a number of ghosts to rest," said Mike Austin, one of Birkbeck's team of four, who is studying history and archaeology.

The embarrassed college received a series of unkind headlines when its 1997 team managed 40 points in the first round. Its opponents, Manchester university, scored 360 points, making it one of the biggest winning margins. At one stage Birkbeck had answered so many questions wrongly that they were on minus 10 points.

Forty was the lowest score until a team from New Hall

College, Cambridge, limped to 35 points during the same series.

But this year Birkbeck, which has 6,000 mature students, had a much more professional approach to the quiz. The students' union held its own vetting procedure for the 60 hopefuls for the team. Its oldest member is 61.

"We practised with buzzers made by our physics department and used last year's questions to get us in the right frame of mind," Mr Austin said.

Although they romped through the preliminary rounds they were not quite strong enough to beat Magdalen in the final.

"We are over the moon," said Sarah Fitzpatrick, the captain of the Magdalen team, whose oldest member is 21.

Feud over Diana fund

FRANCES Shand Kydd, the mother of Diana, Princess of Wales, last week endorsed concerns expressed by Earl Spencer about the management of the princess's memorial fund, writes Amelia Gentleman.

Family friction over the handling of the Diana, Princess of Wales Memorial Fund became public last weekend when it emerged that Lord Spencer had criticised the fund — over which his elder sister Lady McCorquodale presides.

Lord Spencer, who is chairman of the

Julius, Lord Spencer said trustees should hand out all the money and stop fund-raising. But fund spokeswoman Vivienne Parry said trustees had found it strange that Earl Spencer had not spoken to his sister.

Lady Sarah is understood to believe the fund should not close when it is raising more than £1 million a week and expects to have £100 million by the end of the year.

The earl's letter said: "The fund should collect money and distribute it, not indulge in commercialisation itself."

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
May 3 1998

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
May 3 1998

UK NEWS 11

Patten 'to head Ulster police inquiry'

Guardian Reporters

CHRIS PATTEN, ex-governor of Hong Kong and the former Conservative party chairman, is set to head the independent body to examine the future of policing in Northern Ireland as part of the Easter peace deal, it emerged on Monday.

Downing Street refused to confirm or deny the appointment, but acknowledged that "contingency arrangements" were being put in hand for a Yes vote on May 22, when the referendum on the Stormont agreement for the future of Northern Ireland is to be held.

Mr Patten, a Catholic and a former

Tory Northern Ireland minister, was in the United States and out of contact, but the issue of policing was a central part of Monday's agenda when Gerry Adams took a Sinn Fein delegation to Downing Street for talks with the Prime Minister and the Northern Ireland Secretary, Mo Mowlam.

During negotiations, Sinn Fein demanded an international commission of inquiry, which they insisted was the only way of achieving independence, while Unionists were suspicious of any inquiry on the grounds that it would undermine the RUC.

The Northern Ireland agreement, reached on Good Friday, calls for a

police service that is "professional, effective and efficient, fair and impartial, free from partisan political control, and accountable both under the law for its actions and to the community it serves."

The commission of inquiry would have to report "no later than the summer of 1999".

By taking the appointment, Mr Patten, once tipped as a future Tory leader, would effectively rule himself out of party politics, at least until the next election.

Tony Blair and Ms Mowlam spent 30 minutes alone with Mr Adams and Martin McGuinness in private Downing Street talks on Monday, as the Sinn Fein leadership

argued for more concessions ahead of the referendum.

With the Sinn Fein ruling conference due to resume on May 10, Mr Adams and Mr McGuinness were seeking clarification of the Easter deal, including the possibility of early British troop withdrawals, which they characterise as "demilitarisation" of the province, as distinct from the decommissioning of IRA and loyalist paramilitary weapons.

Meanwhile the new body given the task of saving Northern Ireland from another chaotic and violent Orange marching season appeared close to collapse last week after the sudden resignation of its two loyalist members, Glen Barr and Tommy

Cheevers are thought to be unhappy at the commission's findings.

Its 7,000-word report, due to have been published last week, is believed to have ordered that several of the marches be re-routed.

The Democratic Unionist party was accused of trying to destabilise the meeting between Mr Blair and Sinn Fein by claiming that Ms Mowlam had alerted the republican party to an undercover bugging operation.

The allegation unnerved republicans already struggling to calm supporters after the loyalist murder of a Catholic student and the attempted bombing of a bar.

The party said Ms Mowlam accidentally tipped off Sinn Fein during Stormont talks that a Belfast house frequented by its negotiator, Gerry Kelly, was bugged.

Magnet strike ends in deal

Sources: Miles

THE country's longest-running industrial dispute came to an end last week when workers sacked by Magnet Kitchens 20 months ago for going on strike voted to accept £8,500 each.

The workers still officially involved in the dispute agreed the £80,000 compensation package by 67 votes to 34 in a secret ballot, after months of protests at the Cambridgeshire mansion of Alan Brinkley, chief executive of Magnet's parent company, Berisford, finally convinced the firm to negotiate.

Neither of the two main unions in the dispute, the Transport and General Workers' Union and the GMB general union, had recommended the offer. But Shirley Winter, secretary of the women's support group, said: "We have sent out a message that workers will not be bullied. Magnet wouldn't even accept there was an industrial dispute, but in the end they came to the table."

Len McCluskey, chief negotiator for the TGWU, said it had been a "courageous struggle".

The money will be shared out between all 320 workers, who were originally sacked for striking in August 1996 in support of an across-the-board 3 per cent pay rise, on the basis of how long they have been part of the dispute. Those who immediately dropped out to find other work will get £250.

In January, after more than a year of round-the-clock picketing the strikers and their supporters — including redundant Derbyshire miners — took their campaign to Mr Bowkett's £1.5 million home.

The Berisford chief executive's £124,000 pay rise last year — more than the £114,000 needed to meet the 3 per cent rise the strikers sought — had inflamed the dispute.

The unions backing the Magnet strikers seized on the outcome of the dispute to highlight the Conservatives' anti-union laws. Phil Davies, GMB national officer, said the Magnet dispute was a "classic example of why the current labour laws should be changed to protect strikers. It is outrageous that a group of workers who had conducted a legal ballot should be dismissed for taking action over a derisory pay offer."

Under Labour's forthcoming "Fairness at Work" white paper, workers sacked for taking legal industrial action will be able to claim unfair dismissal.

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Kosovo hovers on the brink

THE MARCH towards disaster in the southern Serbian province of Kosovo is gathering pace, and the international Contact Group will have a hard job to stop it when its officials confer in Rome this week. In spite of tighter sanctions, the Yugoslav leader, Slobodan Milosevic, has stepped up his brinkmanship since the Group met last month.

He held a referendum last week to give himself an overwhelming mandate to reject foreign mediation in talks. Although outside mediation has proved useful in scores of other conflicts, from Palestine and Northern Ireland to Angola and Cambodia, Milosevic insists on presenting it as an affront to sovereignty. Instead of withdrawing the paramilitary Serbian police from Kosovo — as the Contact Group demanded — he has sent Yugoslav troops to the border area with Albania to raid villages peopled by Kosovo Albanians.

For their part the Kosovo Albanians, who form 90 per cent of the province's population, are increasingly turning to military activity. The so-called Kosovo Liberation Army, which began as a lightly armed partisan force defending its villages, is getting heavier weapons from Albania and turning into an offensive force. The danger of mafia activity, which looted and destroyed scores of towns in Albania proper last year, now threatens to move into western Kosovo. The pickings would be high since towns such as Prizren and Pec are more affluent than anything Albania used to have.

Faced with this grim scenario, the consensus in the Contact Group seems to be moving away from further sanctions on Yugoslavia towards a more comprehensive package of carrots and sticks. One factor is the need to protect the vulnerably small Yugoslav republic of Montenegro, which has a new leader who is more sympathetic to the Western line.

Giving the Yugoslav leader incentives as well as punishments is acceptable if it is part of a clearly defined package of steps. In return for a phasing out of sanctions the Belgrade government must be required to make a genuine offer of autonomy — and not exclude discussion of a new constitutional status for Kosovo — and withdraw its forces. At the same time the Kosovo Albanians must be urged to join talks without preconditions and accept a freeze on weapons coming in.

But the outside world must also prepare for intervention, if only on humanitarian grounds. Nato's recent missions to Albania to assess that country's security should only be the first step in a programme that will require the deployment of troops. As the international force continues to wind down in Bosnia this summer, some of its troops should be sent to Albania and Macedonia to help to pre-empt any further escalation of violence elsewhere in Europe.



Didn't he do well? Well, did he?

Will Hutton reflects on Tony Blair's record after a year in government

LABOUR, for so long the party whose social heart led to it being labelled as the party of economic mismanagement, is suddenly the party of sound money, fiscal rectitude and economic competence. But it hasn't lost its heart, says its defenders. On law and order, commitment to lowering corporate taxation, the refusal to let the old emphasis on collectivist solidarity and so reflecting a new individualist public mood.

And if it is not storming the commanding heights of the economy or even gently reforming some of the institutions of British capitalism, it is doing something more subtle: storming the commanding heights of the state through its programme of constitutional reform. It has met its manifesto commitments, created the conditions for peace in Ireland, sustained its coalition and embarked on a trajectory that is neither old nor new right. The Third Way is being defined before our eyes, and the voters like what they see.

But the price, say critics and friends alike, is the loss of any ambition to challenge centres of economic and social power. Its shedding of socialist ideology and commitments is now such that it cannot even make the modest claim to be a social democratic party. The Third Way only disguises its emergence as a party that defends the capitalist status quo. The Adam Smith Institute celebrates it as a genuine conservative party; for others, as David Marquand argues in an important article in this month's Prospect, it has become a British-style Christian Democratic party.

It may not be a new Tory party, but there is common agreement that New Labour is a defender of the bourgeois and a critic of the poor, with their reliance on what some ministers describe as state "hand-outs". Even its radical constitutional programme can be portrayed as no more than could be

expected of a bourgeois party committed to modernisation and devolved government.

This may strike some as unfair, but the continuity of policy with that of the outgoing Major administration — and even its intensification — is undeniable. The commitment to meet the same spending targets for the first two years of this parliament is one of the most conspicuous legacies, but the full list makes even more telling reading. On law and order, commitment to lowering corporate taxation, the refusal to let the old emphasis on collectivist solidarity and so reflecting a new individualist public mood.

Indeed, in some matters, as David Selbourne writes in "One Year On", his perceptive essay released this week, Labour has gone further than the Conservatives. Private businesses have been invited to help run 25 education action zones, and the new Register of National Assets has been compiled in preparation for the privatisation of core areas of government.

And yet, and yet. The unexpected windfall of underspending the spending targets last year was not spent on lowering inheritance or capital gains tax, as it would have been under the Tories; it was used to help hard-pressed health and education.

Moreover, at the margin Labour wants to use its power to benefit the majority rather than the minority, and while Selbourne may scoff at overusing "people" before every noun — from the "People's" Lottery to the "People's" Budget — this is not just spin-doctor driven populism. A host of micro-decisions away from the public eye, ranging from Jack Straw's policy of community rather than prison punishment for minor offences to Clare Short's interventions over British aid, betray a party whose instincts are more humane than its predecessors.

And if, to follow Marquand, Labour is becoming a Christian Democratic party wanting to enlarge individual opportunity and — to cite Selbourne — has rediscovered the importance of duty in strengthening Britain's civic order, these are no mean changes. The economicism of the Conservatives has given way to a new emphasis on binding society together. There are weaknesses in this approach, notably that it forces individuals to adjust to markets with no parallel attempt to shape markets to meet individual needs, but it is a different economic and political trajectory from simple conservatism.

YET while Labour has a stronger sense of the need to sustain social capital and the civic order than the Conservatives, it has made so many concessions to the right that its efforts are grievously hampered. Selbourne focuses on how the continued influence of private security firms in the criminal justice system undermines a core notion of citizenship and the common weal; after all, the upholding of law and implementation of justice is the ultimate public good to be undertaken by the state. To accept that this should be privatised in the name of economic efficiency is to permit a poverty of the public domain that no party in a democracy should accept. Down this road lies civil decay and a new public barbarism.

Moreover, there is a basic flaw in the contention that promoting opportunity and duty can construct a society in which everyone can be a winner. It may have the immeasurable political advantage of excusing the party from any reform of the privileges and operating practices of British business, finance and professions, and thus allow the generous incomes of the middle class to go untouched. But to leave the structures of the economy well alone, while lionising the business people responsible for running it, is to make a number of corrosive assumptions.

The British economy is not a high-investment, high-productivity

economy, and this can no longer be blamed on collectivism and Old Labour. Nor is the operation of modern capitalism essentially benevolent. It generates vicious inequality, with job insecurity at the bottom and outrageous incomes at the top. The paradox is that capitalism is simultaneously destructive and creative; the task of a government of the centre and centre-left is surely to minimise its destructiveness and maximise its creativeness.

Yet so enthusiastic is New Labour in its embrace of the market that such subtlety can exist in its thinking. There is a well defined strategy to manage the media, the political cycle and the internal processes of the Labour party; and there is a generalised attachment to the "nice" values of human rights, opportunity and duty. But the party lacks a governing ideology underpinned by a distinctive and coherent model of the way economy and society work.

The Third Way is supposedly neither free market capitalism nor old socialism, but the advantage of both those models is that they rested on a clear set of guiding principles. Without such principles New Labour risks being no more than a group of well-intentioned men and women making it up as they go along.

Herein lies a tension that is as yet subterranean but which must ultimately surface with damaging, perhaps fatal, results. For there is a choice about the Third Way. It could amount to a philosophy of social liberalism, in which the structures and inequalities of British market capitalism are taken as a given, but the state tries to alleviate the worst effects without challenging or hurting the interests of the advantaged.

Or it could become a modern version of social democracy, in which there is a more determined redistribution from rich to poor, along with a recognition that the institutions of market capitalism can and should be creatively reformed — the broad aim of the so-called stakeholders.

Blair falls broadly into the first camp; his Chancellor, Gordon Brown, into the second. So far their collaboration has been creative, with Blair heading off Browne initiatives that might offend middle England while Blair has had to concede that some of Brown's most redistributive measures have positive effects.

But in benign economic conditions the core arguments can be fudged. As it becomes obvious that social exclusion and inequality are deeply embedded in the economy, and that British business is increasingly short-termist and averse to investment, the social democrats in New Labour will demand action that the social liberals will contest.

Yet New Labour's social liberalism will not be on strong ground if the programme on social exclusion is palpably not delivering results, and the welfare-to-work programme and the welfare-to-work programme is running out of steam. Blair will want to side with the social liberals, but the underlying and unaddressed weaknesses of the British economy will fatally undermine his case with both the party and the country — and be the cause of his downfall.

But even if he does eventually fall because of his economic conservatism, he will have bequeathed one inalienable achievement. He will have overhauled and democratised the ramshackle British constitution. For that alone he was worth electing. — *The Observer*

"One Year On", David Selbourne, Centre for Policy Studies; "Blair's Birthday", David Marquand, Prospect, May 1998

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
May 3 1998

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
May 3 1998

Time for truth on Rwanda

EDITORIAL

THE Quilès Committee of Inquiry, set up to reveal the role France played in Rwanda in the early nineties, has been questioning some of the French leaders who had to deal with the crisis at first hand.

The members of parliament on the committee are beginning to discover the scale of the task facing them. It would probably have been better for the leaders concerned to have been called a little later in proceedings. But the former prime minister Edouard Balladur insisted on giving evidence this week so as to scotch any suspicions that he might have been trying to avoid being questioned.

However hit-and-miss the procedure may be, and however woolly some of the questions being asked, it is a salutary process. A number of taboos have been broken: the MPs on the committee have questioned the principle of government immunity as regards foreign military operations, looked into the dysfunction of France's Africa policy, long shrouded in mystery, and challenged the obsessive determination in government circles to keep silent on military matters.

Above all, it is the first time MPs have recognised the need to get to the bottom of the role that France, whether deliberately or not, may have played in Rwanda's genocide.

The committee was initially set up because eyewitnesses, aid

workers and journalists had reported a great deal of shocking evidence about the Rwanda episode, and because too many questions had been left unanswered.

Balladur's virulent attack on aid workers and journalists when he gave evidence on April 21 — accusing them of having been manipulated by foreign powers — was uncalled for.

Operation Turquoise, the UN-backed rescue operation launched in June 1994, was to France's credit. Most of the extremist Hutu leaders had probably managed to escape before the intervention, and not as a result of it.

But, whether Balladur likes it or not, there is more to the issue than Operation Turquoise. Most of the disturbing evidence relates to the period before Turquoise,

notably to two earlier French operations, Noroit in 1990 and Amavilly in April 1994.

What emerged most strongly from the hearings — first of Balladur and his former ministers, then of President François Mitterrand's son, Jean-Christophe, who was head of the Africa unit at the Elysée Palace until 1992 — was the otherworldliness of France's Rwanda policy as they described it.

France was involved in a much more active and partisan manner on the ground, alongside the Hutu regime and against Paul Kagame's Rwandan Patriotic Front (RPF), than it let on. That policy can now be seen to have been quite out of synch with what was actually going on, and was therefore doomed to failure.

It seems odd that, in a June

1994 note just revealed by the satirical weekly, *Le Canard Enchaîné*, Mitterrand should have expressed surprise that Rwanda had "inter-ethnic troubles" — a curious euphemism for genocide.

What did the various French ministers know at the time? And how much of what they did not know can be put down to fudge or ignorance, bordering on incompetence? Were several different policies being pursued in Rwanda at the same time?

These are some of the questions that the Quilès committee members will have to answer. If they are to do so, they will need to elicit something more satisfactory than the rather stilted answers that they got during their first hearings of former ministers.

(April 24)

Nagaland's forgotten war smoulders on

Bruno Philip in Dimaapur

I HAD expected to meet a fully kitted-up guerrilla fighter complete with camouflage battledress and cartridge belt. Instead, R H S Raising, the third in command in Nagaland's Socialist National Council, and "minister without portfolio" in the underground "people's government", was a small man in a shirt and tie who explained, in excellent English, the history of his people with the quiet precision of a village schoolteacher.

The meeting took place on the edge of the jungle fortress where he and several thousand men have for decades been fighting the army of India, of which he is a citizen, and of which his state forms part. But India's capital, New Delhi, lies more than 2,000km to the west.

The state of Nagaland, which has 12 million inhabitants, is located at the eastern tip of India, on the border with Burma. The score of separatist Mongoloid tribes who live there, former head-hunters who converted to the Baptist Christian Church 125 years ago, have always refused to bow to Indian rule.

Since India's independence in

1947, many Naga tribes have rebelled, just as they once rose up against the British, who, in a series of incursions into the tea-growing plains of Assam, tried to bring these "barbarians" to heel.

The Nagas are waging a strange, almost old-fashioned guerrilla war that has been forgotten by the rest of the world and the media. By giving very few foreign reporters visas to visit Nagaland, the Indian authorities have helped to keep the state utterly isolated.

Several thousand Naga rebels, belonging to three organisations representing different tribes that detest one another, mounted sporadic attacks on the Indian army until last August, when a ceasefire was announced.

"We're now more optimistic," says Raising. "We're having talks with the interior minister in New Delhi. We hope that India will at last accept an agreement. If we have been under arms for so long it was because we were forced to be."

What exactly do the Nagas want? Officially, complete independence because, as so many of them keep on repeating, "we have never been Indian". The trouble is that the

rebels are becoming increasingly isolated. Now that Beijing has normalised its relations with the Indian "enemy", the Chinese aid they used to get has dwindled. Neighbouring Bangladesh, where they once trained with the blessing of the local authorities, no longer welcomes them. In Burma, where they have established a rear base, the army has organised operations against them.

Within the space of a few years, shifting alliances have completely changed the geo-strategic landscape of the 1960s and 1970s. Do the Nagas have any choice but to accept a compromise? And what more than a ceasefire can they negotiate?

They formulate their arguments as they have always done. "Independence is not a negotiable issue," Raising says. "It's our right to determine the future of our people as we see fit. Even autonomous status will not be enough."

In the circumstances, it is difficult to see what will bring an end to this 50-year war, a smouldering conflict that has probably claimed several thousand lives.

But while there are "freedom fighters", there are also "collabor-

ators". Nagaland is a state in the Indian union that has its own government, regional assembly and institutions run by Nagas who are prepared to throw in their lot with India.

One such Naga is the state government's chief minister, S C Jamir, a former minister under Jawaharlal Nehru. He would like the guerrilla organisations to "be pragmatic". "Why do they persist in asking for independence, which is impossible? We can remain in the Indian Union and still retain our identity."

But after 50 years of intermittent hostilities, ceasefires and broken agreements between New Delhi and the separatist movement, few Nagas still believe that their future lies with India, even though more and more people are fed up with the violence and want a return to normality.

At nightfall, Nagaland's capital, Kohima, is deserted except for patrolling police and soldiers. "Everyone supports the independence movement," claims Neingulo Krome, head of the Naga People's Human Rights Movement. He admits that the security forces are not as brutal as they used to be, but still criticises the "military methods" used by the Indians.

(April 23)

Algeria crows over Morocco 'massacre'

Jean-Pierre Tuquet

THE Algerian press has been crowing over the "revelation" that neighbouring Morocco, like Algeria, is now the victim of armed Islamist fundamentalists who "massacre" civilians. On April 16 the Belgian daily *Le Soir* reported that an armed Moroccan Islamist group was being set up, with, as its aim, "the destitution of King Hassan II, the installation of Sharia [Islamic law], and the re-Islamisation of Morocco".

The paper admitted that the group had so far not been able to carry out any terrorist acts, but argued that there was a strong likelihood that the Algerian conflict would spill over into Morocco.

The Algerian papers hyped up the report with spectacular revelations. One evening paper claimed that 10 people had been massacred on Moroccan territory near the border town of Oujda. It did not specify whether the victims were members of the royal gendarmes or farmers who had refused to help fighters belonging to an armed body known as the Fighting Islamic Group (GIC).

On April 20 the French-language Algerian daily *El Watan* reported that "the inhabitants of eastern Morocco were deserting their villages", and that there was "panic in Oujda". It claimed the Moroccan authorities had made things worse by trying to form armed militias among the civilian population.

What is the actual situation on the ground? While the Moroccan press has remained silent, inhabitants of Oujda are astonished to hear of the violence reported by the Algerian press. "No farmer has been killed in the region," an Oujda man told *Le Monde*. "There's no armed militia. It's a safe border town closely watched over by Moroccan security forces."

The Moroccan government has not reacted officially. An aide of the interior minister, Drias Baari, said: "These are wild reports... we're not going to get drawn into mudslinging."

Relations between the two countries are not good. For years the Moroccans have accused the Algerians of manipulating the Polisario Front and thus preventing a settlement of the Western Sahara problem (in other words, its annexation by Morocco).

The Algerians accuse Rabat of giving asylum to armed Islamic groups. The border between the two countries, which has been officially closed since the attack on a Marrakech hotel in the summer of 1994, is leading "like a sieve".

Algerians "have been assassinated by arms that have crossed that border — unfortunately, as the saying goes, one can't choose one's neighbours," said General Khaled Nezzar, a former Algerian defence minister, in an interview with *El Watan* in February.

He accused Morocco of having "blackmailed" Algeria in 1993 over the extradition of a former Armed Islamic Group leader, Abdelhak Layada.

(April 23)



Rwandan Hutus welcome a detachment of French marines as they drive into a refugee camp outside Butare in July 1994. Now their role is under scrutiny

Le Monde

Past master pieces

Philippe Dagen

THE 200th anniversary of the birth of the French painter Eugène Delacroix (1798-1863) is being celebrated by a series of exhibitions in France, each devoted to a different aspect of his work.

There is an exhibition of his early work in Rouen. His final 15 years' output is on show at the Grand Palais in Paris. And yet the important works he produced in the 1830s and 1840s are in the Louvre (they are apparently too fragile to move) — the need to accommodate thousands of tourists every day meant that it was impossible to organise a major retrospective there.

Delacroix the engraver gets better treatment, since the Bibliothèque Nationale is showing all his engraved work, with the judicious addition of many of his drawings and watercolours. Around 50 other drawings and watercolours are on show in Delacroix's Paris studio. Yet more are exhibited at the Musée Condé in Chantilly. Others will be shown in Tours in May.

The bicentenary, then, is a fragmented tribute. This produces two contrasting feelings in the art lover, the more immediate of which is disappointment as one remembers the splendid retrospective — a model of its kind — that was held in Zurich in 1987.

The fragmentation of the current celebration blurs our image of Delacroix, which is anyway patchy because it lacks his monumental contributions to the decoration of the Palais-Bourbon, home of the National Assembly, and of the Palais du Luxembourg, where the Senate sits.

It is in those buildings, more than in the side-chapel of St-Sulpice Church in Paris or the Galerie d'Apollon in the Louvre, that Delacroix showed himself a master organiser of very large compositions in a complicated architectural context, and showed that the very difficulties he faced stimulated his genius for colour and dynamic draughtsmanship.

The ceilings in the Palais-Bourbon and the Palais du Luxembourg are the finest examples of monumental painting in Paris. They are also the hardest to get to see, since the well-being of deputies and senators is deemed more important than the curiosity of the public.

The bicentenary exhibitions set a challenge: since Delacroix is being served up in pieces, why not try to learn something from the scatter effect? The result suggests that he is not the artist we thought we knew. He is no less powerful, but powerful in a different way, no less impressive, but impressive in an unexpected way.

Delacroix's historical masterpieces may suffer from not being included in the bicentenary tribute, which shows his output as a draughtsman and engraver to best effect because it reveals his finest work in those areas.

The Grand Palais exhibition is based on the argument that, while Delacroix's so-called Romantic period is well known, his later works have tended to go unremarked because they were produced at a time when Courbet and Manet were breaking revolutionary new ground.

That argument seems to be borne out, though it does not make for an attractive retrospective exhibition. Delacroix did not produce a stream of masterpieces during the last 15 years of his life.

Celebrated and much sought after, he gave in to the pleas of art dealers, who were aware that collectors preferred medium-sized paintings depicting typically Delacroix subjects such as tigers, horses and battling Arabs.

Delacroix accordingly obliged. He executed highly picturesque variations on his pet themes, drew on his memories and on notebooks that he had brought back from his trip to Morocco, and borrowed subjects from world literature. Byron, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Dante, Scott and Ovid were good sources. Most of them had already inspired him 20 years earlier, and he



Delacroix's Christ on the Cross (1858)

returned to them as though revealing his past.

He chose the most intense passages in their works, those that would justify compositions full of movement, interacting colours, lyricism and pathos. He then ran the risk of repeating himself in an area where that risk is greatest: when it becomes necessary to repeat the representation of extreme feelings or situations. He had to be careful not to lapse into mere rhetoric or turn out nothing but a facile "Delacroix product".

While some of these works are admirable, others do not entirely satisfy our modern demand for invention and renewal. Sometimes the variant is only a slightly modified replica, and style becomes all-important. The hanging of the show is

simply fortuitous idea, dissonance or discovery that may have emerged while he was working on them.

A blue-green patch suddenly makes its appearance. Delacroix then seizes upon it, gives it more and more space and offers it not only the sea and the sky, but grass and foliage. It is hardly surprising that the side of Delacroix which did not care about verisimilitude and got carried away by the momentum of pictorial experimentation greatly intrigued Matisse.

The other Delacroix, the difficult, glaring man who was damning in his criticism of others and convincing in his depiction of cruelty and laceration, greatly appealed to Picasso. That Delacroix is everywhere present in the engravings and drawings, which are stunning. Portraits were child's play to him: they possess an almost embarrassing acuteness of vision. Landscapes are conjured up by dabs of watercolour placed with impeccable accuracy.

If ever anyone was a natural draughtsman, it was Delacroix, who throughout his career was able, with a stroke of the pen heightened by hatching, to cast a lion on its prey, a murderer on his victim, a lover on his mistress.

He invents the visual language of evil passions, chronicles them in detail down the ages, and discovers their animal symbols — the horse, the lion and the tiger. Hamlet, Mephisto, the Gothic novel and the bloody Orient are all grist to his mill.

He draws madness taking hold of humankind, which then ceases to be human. It is incontrovertibly convincing. The only other draughtsman who comes anywhere near Delacroix is Rembrandt.

Delacroix, *Les Dernières Années*, Grand Palais, Paris. Closed Tuesday, until July 20.

Delacroix, *Le Trait Romantique*, Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. Closed Monday, until July 12.

Delacroix dans les Collections du Musée Condé, Chantilly. Closed Tuesday, until July 20.

Delacroix et Villot, Le Roman d'une Amie, Musée Eugène-Delacroix, Paris. Closed Tuesday, until July 31. (April 11)

"The festival is a political act," proclaimed Fanny Mickey, the dynamic organiser of the event. In its early days the festival angered the Church. In 1888, at the height of drug-fueled violence, a bomb exploded on stage. Nowadays bishops, ministers and generals join the throng at premieres.

Colombia's culture policy is in its infancy: state subsidies for the creative arts are difficult to obtain (although an increasing number of grants are created each year), and the culture ministry has only recently been set up.

Even so, more than 35 per cent of the \$6 million that the festival costs is provided by the Colombian government and Bogotá city council; 35 per cent comes from ticket sales; and the rest is provided by Colombian and foreign sponsors (most leading theatre companies also get help from their governments).

Some prominent Colombian theatre directors do not agree with the way such large sums of money are doled out to foreign companies. Santiago García, a pioneer of contemporary Colombian theatre, refused to take part in this year's festival.

Others, such as Nicolas Buenaventura (a storyteller) and the Mapa Teatro (which put on an excellent play about emigration, *The Lion and The Woman*), took advantage of the festival's co-production possibilities to finance their performances.

As for the French directors, Philippe Eustachon and Yvette Rotsheld, who have been working in Colombia for the past year with both professional and non-professional actors, their experimental show, *Portrait A 2,651 metres d'Altitude*, was bought by the festival.

Every evening, after the shows, the festival participants and members of the public who could afford the \$11 entrance fee packed into a big tent, where a fiesta was held, with local bands playing salsa music for people to dance to. (April 14)

Le Monde

Director: Jean-Marie Colomban
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Colombia's theatrical performance

Anna Prouenza in Bogotá

BOGOTÁ'S Fifth Theatre Festival, held in the Colombian capital from March 27 to April 12, was an enormous success.

More than 400 performances were put on by 110 theatre companies from 37 different countries. About 2,000 artists were involved. Once again the festival completely transformed Bogotá — while at the turn of the century the city acquired a reputation for being the Athens of Latin America, nowadays it is not renowned as a cultural capital.

The aim of the biennial event is to offer an exhaustive selection of the shows that have done best at the box office throughout the world.

This year's plays included Goldoni's *Arlecchino Servitore De Due Padroni*, put on by the Piccolo Teatro di Milano, the Royal Shakespeare Company's *Romeo And Juliet*, Dionsyos, directed by the legendary Japanese Tadashi Suzuki, Robert Wilson's *Persephone*,

Josef Nadj's *Woyzeck* and two productions by the Catalan director, Lluís Pasqual, as well as the finest Latin American shows.

"It's a unique festival, a veritable laboratory, and not just a showcase, like most European festivals," said Paolo Calabresi, the Italian director of Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*, put on by Zagreb's ZKM Theatre.

As well as the performances, more than 15 "special events" every day — debates, seminars, workshops and lectures — enabled the public to meet the artists present. Topics discussed ranged from "the contemporary quality of tragedy" to Lorca, Brecht, the work of the actor and the craft of the choreographer or set-designer.

The keen interest shown by members of the public who attended these events meant that the actors were happy to mix with them. "When they spotted us with our badges, people pleaded with us to help them get into already packed theatres — I've never seen anything like it. The passion for the theatre you find here is quite astonishing,"

said Paolo Calabresi, a young actor with the Piccolo Teatro.

Members of the Chinese opera company Rebel Bang, who put on *Medea*, based on the Euripides play, said they had never received such an enthusiastic reception. At the premiere some of them were so amazed that they rushed into the wings to grab their cameras so they would have a souvenir of the cheering audience.

For the public the festival is an excuse for a good time. Bogotá prepares for it as seriously as they do for the carnival. Much of the festival consists of street theatre, which is free — an important factor considering that only the better off can afford theatre tickets, priced at between \$4 and \$30 (the average monthly salary is about \$160).

The festival is probably the only time during the year that Bogotá can lay claim to being a tourist destination: theatre-lovers come from all over Colombia and from neighbouring countries. Police statistics show that violence and murder rates dip while the festival is on.

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
May 3 1998

The Washington Post

15

Economic Woes Damage Kohl's Re-Election Chances

William Drozdzak in Magdeburg

EIGHT years ago, when this bleak industrial city was swept up in the fervor of Germany's reunification, Helmut Kohl could do no wrong. Everywhere he traveled in the former East Germany, the chancellor was extolled as a political messiah who brought freedom to the people living between the Elbe and Oder rivers after 57 years of Nazi and Communist tyranny.

But these days, as he campaigns for a fifth term, Europe's longest-serving leader is scorned by the same easterners who once revered him. Instead of the "flourishing landscapes" that Kohl promised would transform their polluted wasteland and spawn a robust era of prosperity, residents of this regional capital of Saxony-Anhalt are saddled with the highest unemployment and lowest growth rates of Germany's 16 states. The unemployment rate is 25 percent, and the economy is growing at a rate of 0.6 percent.

As Kohl addressed a rally in the market square here ahead of last Sunday's state election, he was greeted by jeers and catcalls from unemployed citizens who feel betrayed. When Kohl suggested his critics should be grateful for the \$800 billion windfall that has been used to rebuild the east's dilapidated infrastructure since 1991, the boos and whistles escalated.

The change in attitudes toward Kohl reflects the disappointment among the 18 million people of eastern Germany, who have lost any illusions they nurtured in the heady days when the Iron Curtain was torn down and they were merged with 64 million compatriots in the west. Their dismay is considered perhaps the most volatile factor affecting the election campaign — one that could translate into a devastating vote of no-confidence for Kohl's Christian Democrats in Saxony-Anhalt and in the national election on September 27.

By almost every measure, eastern Germans enjoy much higher living standards than in the days of the German Democratic Republic. Kohl's decision to allow them to exchange their worthless currency for the strong mark on a one-to-one basis triggered a consumer spending spree that helped fuel an economic boom during the early 1990s. Virtually every household now has modern Western-made cars, color televisions and appliances that were unthinkable luxuries just a decade ago.

But these material trappings have come at a terrible price. With much of its industrial base obsolete, 3 million out of 9 million jobs have been lost in the east. One out of five workers is unemployed, provoking such alienation that sociologists say at least one-third of eastern



Skinheads in Magdeburg argue as votes are counted

PHOTOGRAPH: RALF HIRSCHBERGER

Germans between the ages of 15 and 25 now identify with neo-Nazi ideology and other forms of right-wing xenophobia.

"It's nice that everyone has a telephone now and that we can all go abroad on our holidays," said Heidi Knake-Werner, a member of the reformed Communists, or Party for Democratic Socialism, who represents a depressed district outside Magdeburg in Germany's parliament. "But what good is a phone or a nice vacation if you don't have a job or the money to pay for it?"

Many Germans are troubled that the disparity in jobs and income is widening despite the enormous cash transfers invested to enhance life in the six eastern states. The Bundesbank, Germany's central bank, reported last week that wages are falling in the east for the first time since unification. Meanwhile, assets per household have dropped to \$27,000 in the east, less than a third of the amount in the west. And while western Germany is expected to create 100,000 new jobs this year, the east is set to lose

another 65,000 jobs as more industries shut down.

"A lot of people in eastern Germany are angry and resentful," said Andre Brie, a leading member of the reformed Communists, who are regaining popularity here as the voice of the downtrodden. "They feel betrayed by all the false hopes created by unification and they are tired of being treated as second-class Germans. Unless something is done to repair the breach, the divisions in Germany could become permanent."

Frenchman 'Jeopardized' Karadzic Arrest

R. Jeffrey Smith

UNITED STATES and allied military forces abruptly shelved plans for an operation late last summer to capture Radovan Karadzic, the former Bosnian Serb president indicted for war crimes, after Washington discovered that a senior French military officer had held secret meetings with Karadzic, according to senior U.S. and diplomatic officials.

The series of clandestine meetings convinced U.S. officials that key details of the arrest plans might have been leaked directly to the fugitive Serb leader by the officer, a French Army major named Hervé Gourmelon, jeopardizing the operation and the lives of NATO troops.

French officials later acknowledged that the meetings occurred, but said the officer was acting on his own and promised he would be court-martialed. But although the officer has been transferred to Paris, no punishment has been meted out against him, and Washington learned recently that none is planned.

The French Defense Ministry said the officer's actions "in no way jeopardized Karadzic's arrest." It repeated the French government's support for bringing Karadzic and all other indicted war crimes suspects to justice at the U.N. criminal tribunal in The Hague. Karadzic, the former Bosnian Serb political leader, and his former military chief Ratko Mladic are the most-wanted of the suspects still at large.

Several senior U.S. officials said the episode has left them wary of

trusting the French military to cooperate fully in any future secret operation to capture Karadzic. Such cooperation has been considered essential, since the French directly command the NATO troops that patrol in the town of Pale, where Karadzic is now believed to reside.

"It ripped open a big gap in relations with the French" in Bosnia, and forced NATO to suspend a major operation that would have involved hundreds of heavily-armed soldiers in an assault against Karadzic's security forces, said one official. "They were quite close to carrying it out," having determined how to arrange the capture and which troops would be involved, a diplomatic official said. Another senior official said he found the episode "despicable and appalling" and said "no trust" remains between the U.S. and French military forces, a development that has led Washington to end virtually all consultations with the French about the possible capture of indicted war criminals.

The dispute underscores some of the international tensions surrounding the question of whether and when NATO forces should attempt to capture Karadzic and others indicted for wartime abuses in Bosnia. Western political officials have long claimed the arrests are essential to implementing a 1995 peace accord and promoting regional stability.

Until now, Western governments, including the United States, have sought to blunt criticism about the failure to capture the most prominent alleged war criminals by claiming that they have little or no information about their whereabouts. But

numerous officials said in recent interviews that this claim is largely false, and that Western military officials have long known where virtually all of the alleged criminals are.

They said the inaction was really due to other causes, including a need to conduct exhaustive preparations and a general reluctance by top military commanders to undertake potentially risky operations. Several U.S. officials said for example, that the Pentagon has been reluctant to participate in additional operations until Congress approves funds to extend the U.S. military deployment in Bosnia beyond June — a vote expected in coming weeks.

Despite protestations that catching war criminals is not principally the responsibility of the estimated 8,000 U.S. troops in Bosnia, the Clinton administration's keen attention to the issue is demonstrated by the fact that the CIA's Bosnia task force has produced classified maps at regular intervals since 1996 that specify the precise Bosnian towns where most of the indicted reside.

The CIA's Information indicates that 11 war criminals are presently within the sector controlled by British military forces, four are within the sector controlled by U.S. forces, and six are within the sector controlled by French forces. The maps do not spell out the exact addresses where they live or places they frequently visit, however.

Several officials said that, with the exception of the aborted plan to capture Karadzic last year, NATO's overall strategy has been to concentrate on "plucking low-hanging fruit," or capturing those war criminals that

have the least protection and the most predictable daily routines. In the past nine months, British and Dutch special forces have arrested five war criminals and slain another in the British sector, and U.S. special forces have captured one of the indicted known to reside in the U.S. sector. Washington also pressured Croatian officials to surrender 10 indicted from Bosnia.

The 9,000 French troops in Bosnia have yet to attempt a single capture, a record that has provoked critical editorials in French newspapers and caused an estimated 70,000 French citizens to sign two petitions in the last month demanding a more aggressive effort. "The press and most of the people are on the side of 'let's act,'" former French Minister of Justice Robert Badinter said in a telephone interview. The lack of action by all Western powers is "a distressing policy that has been carried on too long," he said.

Three U.S. officials said France's wariness was exemplified early last month when a Serb named Dragoljub Kunarac, indicted in June 1996 on charges of "gang rape, torture, and enslavement" of Muslim women, first offered to surrender to French military forces in the town of Filipovic in eastern Bosnia.

Nearly a week passed before the French concluded that "they couldn't avoid taking his surrender," said one U.S. official, who said Washington has "evidence" the French military command deferred to several senior officials in the Bosnian Serb government. "Only after the Serbs gave their private OK was Kunarac taken into custody

and transferred by the French to the Hague, the officials said.

A senior U.S. official said France's inaction may be partly due to the trauma experienced by the French military command in May 1995, when Serb forces captured dozens of French officers employed as observers by the United Nations and chained them to bridges or radar sites that were prospective NATO bombing targets.

Gourmelon, the Army major at the center of Washington's ire, was the French military's principal liaison officer to the Serbs within his military sector and operated out of the French military headquarters just outside Mostar in central Bosnia. His meetings with Karadzic occurred over a lengthy period in 1997, and were discovered by Washington after a source tipped U.S. intelligence officials, according to several sources.

At a minimum, the meetings were a violation of NATO's policy of shunning any official contact with indicted war criminals such as Karadzic, who served as president of the Bosnian Serb government in Pale until 1996 and allegedly ordered or tolerated some of the worst atrocities of the 1992-1995 ethnic war.

The United States is prepared to abandon the "contact group" of nations seeking a solution to the crisis in Yugoslavia's Kosovo region if the group balks at imposing new sanctions on Belgrade when it meets this week in Rome, senior Clinton administration officials said last week.

Washington believes that clashes between Yugoslav troops and guerrillas in the mostly Albanian province of Kosovo are on the brink of an escalation that could engulf the Balkans, and officials blame the deterioration largely on Serbian leader Slobodan Milosevic, senior officials said.



James Earl Ray at a meeting with Martin Luther King's son Dexter last year

Killer Who Was Redeemed

EDITORIAL

JAMES Earl Ray, the man who pleaded guilty to murdering Martin Luther King Jr., died last week. Mr. Ray recanted his admission only three days after the plea and has long sought a trial on the murder charge for which he spent his remaining years in prison. He never got the trial.

And though he ultimately managed to convince the King family of his innocence, he never raised a serious question about whether he shot Dr. King.

There is a reasonable discussion to be had about whether others, in addition to Mr. Ray,

were involved in the King assassination. A congressional investigation of the killing in 1979 did not rule out the chance that Mr. Ray may have had help. Some historians and leading civil rights figures also are convinced that he did not act alone. But it is important to note the congressional panel — along with several law enforcement investigations — found unequivocally that Mr. Ray was the killer.

While it is certainly true that Dr. King had enemies in high places — most notably FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover — who grossly misused their power in order to intimidate him, there is simply no evidence of a govern-

ment plot to kill him. And while Mr. Ray has offered a variety of explanations of the assassination, his discussion of his own role was never persuasive.

All of which makes the last year of Mr. Ray's life rather confusing. His claims of innocence — despite their implausibility — were publicly embraced by the family of the man he killed. His impending death was anticipated with nervous hand-wringing, as though he would take some great untold truth to his grave.

He was granted an unusual degree of absolution after committing a crime for which the United States has not yet finished paying. Mr. Ray, having killed one of the great men of American history, managed somehow to become a victim.

Bitter Truths of Israel's History

COMMENT

Stephen S. Rosenfeld

ISRAEL'S 50th anniversary as a state could easily have been a grand jubilee observance of peace with the Palestinians. I say this thinking it could still happen. Certainly it has to count that Israelis curious about their history are now finally getting exposed to a deeper and more inclusive version of it.

Israel's practitioners of a "new history" have been looking beyond the stirring narratives of rescue and national redemption to see how the founding appeared to the Palestinians. In a recent series on state-run Israel TV, the birth of Israel was presented as having not just valiant champions but coldly calculating ones. Israelis were shown as contributors to the "transfer" — the uprooting and expelling — of hundreds of thousands of long-settled Palestinians. The resulting buzz has fed into current Israeli concern over the stalemate in peace talks.

Everywhere, state-making turns out to be a violent sorting out of winners and losers. This newly appreciated slice of its history does not invalidate Israel's claim to statehood, which rests on unassailable historical and religious tradition and on the absolute post-Holocaust urgency of the Zionist movement for a Jewish national home. But it does clarify the picture of Palestine that, for the sake of truth, ought to be in

people's minds. It is part of the un-sentimental reality that peace must somehow accommodate.

It is good news that some number of Israelis — and not just intellectuals but a broader public — should now be acknowledging the true manner of Israel's birth as it affected others. An American commentator, Rochelle Furstenberg, observes that the "post-Zionist" historians figure Israel is now strong enough to confront earlier myths. The fact is that pre-state Zionist militia commanders, the young Yitzhak Rabin among them, drove Palestinians from hundreds of their villages, including Deir Yassin, scene of a notorious massacre.

President Clinton recently waded into these waters blithely unaware. In a CBS special celebrating the Israeli anniversary, he tossed in a boilerplate tribute to Israel's "making a once-barren desert bloom." He was promptly (but not on air) caught up by Hala Makoud, president of the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee: "Palestine was not a desert. Palestinians had a rich culture and society. Haifa, Jaffa and Acre were thriving cities. But Israel erased the Palestinian presence from the land, destroying 418 Palestinian villages. Israel was built on the wreckage of Palestinian lives. It is unconscionable for President Clinton to celebrate this history, while ignoring its human cost..."

For Israelis, the 50-year balance sheet includes great pluses: the

establishment and defense of the state, provision of refuge for Jews in desperate straits, preservation of democracy, building a modern society and economy, and beginning peace with some of the neighbors. All that is on one side of the ledger. On the other is Israel's failure to do the hard things that should have been done to invite reconciliation with Palestinians.

The Palestinians' balance sheet is starker. They judge it a success just that they have asserted and maintained a national identity in the minds of their people and in world consciousness. But there has been a specific failure to exploit the several opportunities (1948, 1978) to work toward self-determination, and a general failure to match the Zionists in applying self-discipline to the pursuit of a deeply felt destiny.

The Israeli-Palestinian transaction is a century old and far from complete. But it is evident what its eventual political bottom line must be: the establishment of a Palestinian state next to the existing Jewish state. The nations of the world had it right when they voted to partition then-British Palestine in 1947. It was a good idea then, even though, while the Israelis accepted it, the Palestinians turned it down. Now the two parties have reversed positions, with the Palestinians in favor and the Israeli government of Benjamin Netanyahu seemingly locked in denial, but the idea remains compelling and sound.

Abacha Rebuffed By Nigerian Voters

James Rupert in Lagos

OPONENTS of Nigeria's ruling general, Sani Abacha, this week called for strikes to resist his effort to retain power as civilian president. They declared themselves energized after Nigerians boycotted legislative elections last Saturday that Abacha had called as part of his transition to civilian rule.

Most Nigerians have appeared apathetic and unwilling to actively resist Abacha, whose government readily jails dissidents. But opponents of Abacha said the breadth of the boycott — with turnout observed by journalists at between 0 percent and 8 percent in parts of Lagos — might help nudge Nigerians toward active resistance.

Election officials said last Saturday's turnout might have been the lowest ever for a Nigerian election. "The message of the people of Nigeria... is that they no longer want [Abacha] to continue as the ruler," said Gani Fawehinmi, a lawyer who leads opposition to military rule.

The main anti-Abacha movement, United Action for Democracy, called on Nigerians to observe a general strike and attend rallies on Friday in hopes of reviving a civil disobedience campaign that troubled Abacha's regime in 1994. Abacha's military governors typically have banned opposition rallies and, at times, have used troops or police to break them up.

In the run-up to the poll, all five political parties authorized by the Abacha government nominated him as the sole candidate for the civilian presidency. Some Nigerians, as well as some U.S. policymakers, earlier had expressed hope that Abacha might permit a degree of political competition during the transition.

Last month, 18 prominent northern figures wrote an open letter urging Abacha to relinquish power. Since last week, a former Abacha police official and scion of a traditional northern ruling family, Muhammad Yusufu, has led the calls for civil disobedience. Yusufu had declared his candidacy for the presidential election.

The campaign included elements of the farcical. The electoral commission did not announce the final list of approved candidates until less than two days before voting started. And no one knows the exact duties of the legislature being chosen, because Abacha is keeping secret the 1995 draft constitution under which the civilian government is to operate. Still, the government-owned Daily Times declared that the election "is considered crucial because of the elevated status which [the legislature] is believed to have been accorded by the... constitution."

"Abacha has set the stage to install himself as the next president," said Emma Ezeazu, a leader of Democratic Alternative, pro-democracy lobby. But deep discontent among citizens and many military officers means "the stage also has been set for the transition process to be overturned," he said.

Abacha is sure to respond forcefully to new resistance because any sign of weakness might encourage younger officers to try overthrowing him, Nigerian analysts and Western diplomats said.

In a country ruled by the military for 28 of its 38 years, the decision to resist is the officer corps. "There are signs of discontent among military officers" over the imprisonment of alleged coup plotters, a Western diplomat said, "but it's not clear that [Abacha] is losing any significant amount of control over the military."

Evidence of the boycott's psychological impact came in a rare concession from Abacha's camp that it had suffered a setback. "I am disappointed," Lt. Gen. Jeremiah Useni, one of Abacha's closest aides, told reporters. "I expected to see a large turnout from voters. I don't really know the reason for this."

A subtler sign of disaffection with Abacha has been dissent among the northern elites. Northern Hausa have long backed army rulers as a bulwark against the political ambitions of ethnic Yorubas and Igbos from the south.

Such ethnic strains have led to feuds over land or political patronage, leading to violence. Two unexplained explosions in public markets in Lagos and the southwestern city of Ibadan killed nine people last week — a reminder of waves of bombings in 1996 and 1997.

This week, a military tribunal in the central city of Jos is to rule in the case of 26 military officers, most of them Yorubas, accused of joining a coup plot against Abacha. Analysts say the trial has raised discontent among officers, many of whom disapprove of the 1995 conviction and imprisonment on similar charges of a former military ruler, Gen. Abacha Obasanjo. Obasanjo also is a Yoruba.

IN INTERVIEWS, Nigerians express frustration at what they say is Abacha's dereliction of any democracy and fatigue at their struggle to survive in a collapsed economy. They say that the main reason they do not actively oppose Abacha is fear of the police under his control.

During last Saturday's voting, Lagos was still. Its streets normally are choked with cars and trucks and with people scrambling for a living as curbside tea-sellers, barbers, plumbers or hawkers of anything anyone might buy.

But the government ordered businesses closed and prohibited auto traffic during voting, instructing residents to walk to voting stations placed in each neighborhood. Under a broiling sun, downtown boulevards stretched empty to the urban horizon, except for a few pedestrians and an occasional carload of police officers or election workers.

At most polling places, a pair of election workers sat at a small, street-side table, near a transparent ballot box set on a chair or stool. A few policemen at each site sought what shade they could.

Election officials said polling places typically were assigned 500 to 800 registered voters. But the polls were mostly deserted, with only a few ballots at the bottom of their ballot boxes.

Late in the day, journalists in Lagos surveyed dozens of polling stations with between 15 and 40 ballots cast. In Abuja, the capital, journalists reported most stations had seen fewer than 100 voters.

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
May 3 1998

Birders Try To Cross The Divide

Doug Struck in Latrun, Israel

THE graceful storks sense the wind and tip their wings to spiral in a subtle swirl of air. Up, up, slowly to 3,000 feet. With but a flick of wingtip, they exit the updraft like a ballerina spun away from her partner and glide northward toward Europe.

"Look, there!" exclaimed Yossi Leshem, at 50 as excited as a child. "There is another group. And behind them another."

The specks in the distance form an aerial march. As far as one can see from this hilltop in central Israel, storks are gliding and rising, using thermals to catapult their slow migration across thousands of miles. And they all cross here.

Israel is the central bus station for bird migration. An incredible 500 million birds pass over this narrow country — storks and eagles and pelicans shuttling twice a year between Europe, Asia or Africa; songbirds wintering in the milder climate here or moving farther south.

"Israel is at the intersection of three continents. For politics, it's a disaster. But for bird-watching, it's a Garden of Eden," Leshem said.

Leshem, an Israeli ornithologist, hopes to use this pivotal location to advance goodwill in the Middle East,



Birdmen of vision... Israeli ornithologist Yossi Leshem, left, with Palestinian bird-watcher Imad Atrash in the West Bank village of Beit Jalla

PHOTOGRAPH DOUG STRUCK

as well as to learn more about the 530 species of birds known to pass through here. He is setting up a program that will link Israeli, Palestinian and Jordanian students through the Internet in a program to track and observe the migrating birds.

"The governments are stuck, but we are dealing with people," Leshem said. "Kids will start to talk through the computer about the birds, and then they go out together in the field, and pretty soon we will see how nice they are, and they will see how nice we are."

To emphasize his point, Leshem named the project Birds Know No Boundaries, and he has won a \$1 million U.S. Agency for International Development grant to promote the project.

Leshem seems suited more for the promotion than the bird-watching. A big, burly fellow, he is always in motion, answering the mobile phone rigged up to speakers in his car, pawing through his stacks of papers as he drives. Yet in mid-sentence he will identify the faint song of a white-breasted kingfisher or

pick a tiny greenfinch out from the leaves of a far tree with barely a glance.

In the Palestinian village of Beit Jalla, Imad Atrash shares Leshem's enthusiasm for the good-neighborly potential of bird-watching. In a bare schoolroom, the teacher is settling up what he calls the "first environmental center in Palestine."

He plans to expand the collection of several hundred stuffed birds collected by British birders around 1910. He is planning field trip exchange programs and environmen-

tal summer camps with Israeli schools, a bird-banding program to mirror an Israeli one in Jerusalem, and he is retooling his schoolroom for a dozen computers to be purchased through the U.S. grant.

The computers will be used to track the location of 65 migrating storks, 30 eagles and several pelicans captured in Europe and Israel and fitted with tiny solar-powered transmitters. The position of the storks is relayed by satellite every 90 minutes.

Leshem and Atrash want to set up Internet sites at Beit Jalla and Jericho on the West Bank; Latrun, Israel; and in Amman, Jordan, to use the technology to give students a wider view of the birds' travels as they pass by their homes. The theory is that the Arab and Jewish students will swap information on the Internet and then meet for observations — brought together by sooty falcons or golden eagles or white storks.

"On the ground, there is a lot of good feeling," Leshem said. "The kids don't know about politics. They love each other and just want to cooperate. They just want to go out in the field."

He hopes his efforts will stir interest in ecology and bird-watching. There are "only four or five birders in all of Palestine," he said. Leshem sees in Atrash's program a mirror of the first bird-watching club in Jerusalem, which he started 17 years ago. He eventually became the head of the Society for the Protection of Nature in Israel, got his doctorate in zoology and now teaches at Tel Aviv University.

Mountains on the Market

Rich Americans are flocking to buy land in remote Patagonia, Anthony Falola reports from Villa Traful

MEANE LARIVIERE, Ted Turner and Jane Fonda's next-door neighbor in Patagonia, a land so sparse and vast it would take her an hour by Jeep to traverse a cup of sugar from the glamour couple, stood near a lake and proudly pointed toward a snow-capped peak.

"That's my mountain," boasted the Argentine socialite on her massive ranch near the bottom of the Earth. She then swung her finger toward a neighboring Andes summit. "And over there, that one is Ted and Jane's."

The Lariviere family recently sold a chunk of property — one-third the size of Washington, D.C. — to the Turners for \$8 million, putting Barbra Streisand and the Media Baron on the fast-growing list of celebrities and multimillionaires who are suddenly transforming one of the globe's last unspoiled and most isolated outposts into "Patagonia, 90210."

Like Bud Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, who escaped to this frosty wilderness the size of Texas at the turn of the century to evade famous men, the rich and the famous are also seeking refuge — from the paparazzi, the pollution and the daily rigors of life back home.

President Clinton and Hillary Rodham Clinton, Henry Kissinger and Tom Brokaw have all come recently for brief respites. But they make J.R. Ewing's Southfork look like an efficiency apartment.

Landowners in Patagonia now include billionaire philanthropist George Soros, Italian clothing magnate Luciano Benetton and numerous American corporate executives. Actor Christopher Lambert has a contract on a "little piece of property, only worth about \$1 million," said his real estate agent, Federico Van Dimer. The buying spree has caused a flurry of wild reports in the local media that stars from Sylvester Stallone to Antonio Banderas are searching for their own Patagonian ranches, or *estancias*.

"We took one look at Patagonia and knew we'd found paradise," said Bo Turner, who runs father Ted Turner's ranches worldwide. "And the best part is that there's enough room for everyone."

But not everyone agrees. Indeed, the foreign invasion has caused an outcry here — mostly from Patagonian politicians and naturalists who say too much Argentine territory is being put into foreign hands, especially since much of the property is on the frontier with Chile, with which rivalries have always been high.

Opponents also say the spoiling of one of the globe's most stunningly beautiful regions is now under way. Perhaps Carlos Maestri, governor of Chubut, one of the four Argentine states that make up Patagonia, issued the most dire prediction when he told reporters: "If we don't stop this tendency, very dark days are ahead."

There is real talk of building subdivisions and golf courses in the land where authors and poets once opined about the brooding gauchos, South American cowboys who wrangled feral cattle and corralled sheep in Patagonia's brisk valleys. As a result, there is an effort by local legislators to stiffen laws regulating foreign purchase of land here.

The new owners, however, dismiss the controversies. "Come on, 80 percent of Manhattan is owned by the Japanese," Bo Turner said. "We might not like it, but it's life, you know. You just accept it... Patagonia is a natural paradise. The real surprise is that it took so long to be discovered."

Patagonia, which Charles Darwin once described as a land of "solitude and desolation," remains one of the most sparsely populated regions on Earth; about 1.8 million people are spread across 260,000 square miles, a density of seven per square mile. It has experienced fits and starts of development — with the busts usually being attributed to Argentina's numerous dictatorships.

The railroads built by the British in the 19th century opened up transportation through Patagonia's



Turner and Fonda: Leading the celebrity charge to Patagonia

rugged terrain. Wealthy Europeans, including royalty, soon poured in, buying up huge tracts of land and importing quail, deer and wild boar for hunting and trout for fly fishing. Rich Argentines also moved in, raising cattle and sheep.

Today, as Argentina settles into a newfound democracy and a relatively stable economy, the area again is witnessing a real estate boom. But this time, almost half of the buyers are from the United States, as new roads and telephone systems in Patagonia have made it more practical for celebrities and corporate titans to buy here.

"I bought 12,500 acres with one of the best fishing rivers in the world — I just caught a 30-pound fish in here — for \$1.5 million," Jeff Wells, president of a Golden, Colorado-based customer service company, said while riding on horseback with his family. "The same thing would have cost me \$30 million in Colorado, if you could even find it."

But the bargains are fading fast. The tide of dollars has driven up prices where land once could be bought for \$20 an acre. "Now, some people are asking \$3 million for property that was on the market at \$1 million two years ago," said Van Dimer, the Patagonian real estate czar.

Regardless of what one thinks of the new residents, they have irrevocably altered life in a place where the local gossip used to consist of nothing more thrilling than swapping crazy sheep-stealing stories.

Excited locals now exchange notes on Fonda sightings — once she was spotted in full hiking gear, climbing her mountain with packs of virile gaucho guides. And last month, Kissinger stayed at Arroyo Verde, the Lariviere place next to Ted and Jane's.

The Clintons made a media splash here during their October state visit, when the first couple went on a private yacht ride to

Arrayanes, a petrified forest near the upscale ski resort of Bariloche. The forest is widely believed to have been Walt Disney's inspiration for the backdrop of the movie Bambi.

On the trip, Clinton "called Patagonia a mystic land and said he was going to return — but next time he was definitely going to bring Chelsea," said Mariano Luis de Miguel, the Patagonian businessman who gave the Clintons their tour. "Everybody liked him — he was a very friendly guy."

Benetton, meanwhile, is less popular. The clothing magnate is locked in a controversial dispute with the mayor of the tiny town where he has one of his many sheep ranches. The former owners used to throw parties for the few dozen residents every now and then — a practice Benetton has since stopped, displeasing everyone but the Italian himself.

Still, despite nationalistic sentiments, real estate experts and longtime landowners here point out that foreign ownership in this region is hardly novel. Take, for example, La Primavera — Ted and Jane's ranch, where wild deer and rheas, a sort of South American small ostrich, roam free in the yard near their two-story Big House facing Lake Traful. It was originally owned in the 1800s by a British man, who sold it to an American industrialist, who sold it to a branch of the French-Argentine Lariviere family, who sold it to Turner.

Now, the media tycoon has become so enamored of the region — where the couple spent Christmas and plan to make at least six trips a year — that he is now trying to buy the Larivieres' other ranch next door.

"Ted told me at lunch, 'I want to buy your property, too,'" Maurice Lariviere said. "I said no. Then he said, 'But you haven't heard my offer yet.' Then I told him: 'I don't have to hear it. I wouldn't sell it for any price.' ... You Americans can't have everything, you know."

Handwritten note: "The 1st of 1998"

18 FINANCE

Can the taxman be a friend of the Earth?

Anthony Browne
explores how green taxes
can be made to work

THE IDEA may not be new but its popularity is. After years out in the cold, green taxes are in vogue. Britain's chancellor, Gordon Brown, has promised to use the tax system to curb damage to the environment and is reviewing a range of taxes to cut energy use, water pollution, congestion and the impact of quarrying.

The Government's Advisory Committee on Business and the Environment, made up of big businesses, surprised environmentalists by coming out in favour of a carbon tax. The Confederation of British Industry (CBI) has launched its own review of green taxes.

Britain is simply following the international trend. Across Europe the balance of environmental protection is swinging from regulation to taxes. Sweden, Denmark and Norway have been setting the pace; the Netherlands, Austria and Switzerland are following closely.

Green taxes have been given the green light. But do they work? Can the taxman really become a friend of the Earth? The theory is simple. Without its own gold mine, and committed to expensive services such as health and education, the Government has to raise money by imposing taxes. But all taxes make activities or goods more expensive and can reduce demand for them.

In principle it is better to tax heavily those things the Government wants to discourage — smoking, drinking and environmental damage — and to tax lightly those it wants to encourage, such as jobs: to tax "bads" rather than "goods".

That is not how the tax system works at the moment. This year the Government expects to raise just

under \$500 billion in taxes. Almost half of that (\$215 billion) is raised by taxes on jobs (income tax and National Insurance), \$75 billion by taxes on enterprise (corporation tax and business rates) and only \$40 billion by taxes on environmental damage — almost all of it from taxes on cars and petrol.

The left-leaning Institute for Public Policy Research (IPPR) says that the effective taxation of labour is almost five times that of natural resources and the environment. The system can be perverse. Three times as much tax is imposed on loft insulation (17.5 per cent) as on domestic fuel (5 per cent). The Government appears to be encouraging energy use and discouraging energy conservation.

The picture is similar across Europe, prompting the European Commission to conclude a few years ago that "the current development model in the Community is characterised by an insufficient use of labour resources and an excessive use of natural resources, and results in a deterioration in the quality of life".

So much for the theory: what about the practice? The Government and lobby-

ists agree that a well-designed green tax can be far more effective and efficient than blunt regulation. But not all green taxes are well designed, and not all have the intended effect.

The most obvious tax with an environmental impact is the duty on petrol, which the Chancellor has promised to increase by 6 per cent a year. However, there seems to be little hard evidence of it reducing car use. Professor Peter Davies, chairman of the CBI's Green Taxes

Committee and chief economist of the oil company BP, said: "The petrol tax raises revenue for the Government but it doesn't significantly change behaviour."

However, in the longer term, the effects could be far greater. Dr Terry Barker, of the consultancy Cambridge Econometrics, has studied the longer-run effects of expensive petrol, such as encouraging people to buy smaller cars, live closer to work and even learn to drive more efficiently. He forecasts that if the Government carries on increasing the duty on fuel by 6 per cent a year, overall fuel consumption will not only grow more slowly but actually start falling by 2002.

Britain's other green tax, the landfill duty, has had a mixed impact. Dominic Hogg, of the environmental consultancy Ecotec, says: "It's made companies think more about the cost of waste and alternatives to landfill, such as recycling and composting."

His research found that about a third of waste-producing companies began or stepped up programmes for recycling or waste minimisation. But the Tidy Britain Group found that three-quarters of

local authorities in Britain reported an increase in fly-tipping.

Davies railed against landfill duty as a bad green tax: "It doesn't distinguish between burying rubbish in Hyde Park and in an old coal pit. It doesn't encourage you to put rubbish in a tip that recovers methane gas. It doesn't stimulate the response you want from people and leads to perverse behaviour."

There are plenty of green taxes with unalloyed good results. Drivers in Britain converted en masse to unleaded petrol only after it was made cheaper than leaded petrol in 1987, even though its environmental advantages had been known for some years.

Industry, government and environmentalists all say that taxes can only be part of a package of measures including regulation and voluntary action. They agree that green taxes should not hit industry's competitiveness, and that it should address the environmental issue at stake directly. But there the agreement ends.

Davies criticises petrol duty because it is not targeted accurately at combating congestion or at reducing emissions. Charging for road use would be a better way of beating congestion, and in order to curb emissions all fuel should be targeted, not just petrol. However, Chris Hewett of the IPPR insisted: "Green taxes can tackle more than one problem at once".

Industry claims green taxes should not be used to generate revenue for the government, but environmentalists stress the uses to which such revenue could be put. Many environmentalists are particularly keen on using green taxes to reduce taxes on jobs. Shift the balance from taxing goods to taxing bads, and you will promote economic efficiency — or so the theory goes. Terry Barker, of Cambridge Econometrics, has calculated that one such package of measures could create 400,000 jobs by 2010.

Industry and the CBI are sceptical. But then, parts of the private sector will be hit by green taxes — energy-intensive industries that employ few people, such as steel, oil and gas — while the public sector will be a winner.

Services that use little energy and employ many people, such as education and health, will enjoy the benefits.

In Brief

MISTAKES and fraud are costing the European Union \$5 billion a year, according to a report by the UK National Audit Office which says wastage makes up 5 per cent of the EU's \$100 billion annual budget. The European Court of Auditors has criticised the management of the budget for the third consecutive year.

FARS of a rise in US interest rates rattled stock markets across the world, prompting suggestions that the near 15-year bull run in equities is about to come to an end. The biggest fallers were in banking and finance sectors.

ARECORD \$1.2 million fine linked to personal pension mis-selling has been levied on Sun Life of Canada, the UK Personal Investment Authority announced. The insurance group admitted failing to treat almost 4,000 potential victims and leaving thousands more at risk of mis-selling review.

SHARES in Crédit Lyonnais crashed on the Paris bourse amid fears that the European Commission may block a rescue package, pushing the troubled French bank into liquidation.

GKN, the defence group, created up to 500 jobs at its Telford plant to build "bullet-taxis" for the British, French and German armies, in a \$2-billion deal with the three countries' defence ministers.

MICROSOFT reported a 28 per cent increase in quarterly profits to \$1.34 billion, beating Wall Street expectations, as revenue grew 18 per cent. But the world's largest maker of personal software warned that revenue growth is its lowest in two years.

THE Royal Bank of Scotland is to make heavy provisions against its loans to Southeast Asia in its half-yearly results. The bank's projections of bad debts on loans to the region are around \$100 million — about 10 per cent of full-year profits.

FOREIGN EXCHANGES

	Starting rates April 27	Starting rates April 28
Australia	2.571-2.587	2.587-2.593
Austria	21.01-21.03	21.02-21.03
Belgium	61.87-61.78	61.85-61.78
Canada	2.402-2.403	2.399-2.400
Denmark	11.38-11.40	11.38-11.40
France	10.01-10.02	10.01-10.02
Germany	2.987-2.993	2.989-2.993
Hong Kong	12.03-12.04	12.03-12.04
Italy	1.182-1.184	1.182-1.184
Japan	220.62-220.65	220.62-220.65
Netherlands	3.3591-3.3600	3.3591-3.3600
New Zealand	3.0118-3.0119	3.0118-3.0119
Norway	12.43-12.44	12.43-12.44
Portugal	308.13-308.48	308.13-308.48
Spain	263.70-263.87	263.70-263.87
Sweden	12.88-12.90	12.88-12.90
Switzerland	2.4858-2.4880	2.4858-2.4880
USA	1.8922-1.8922	1.8922-1.8922
ECU	1.6113-1.6131	1.6113-1.6131

FTSE100 Shares Index down 29.7 at 2728.44
Index down 8.8 at 2854.4. Gold up 25.40 at 285.40

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
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APPOINTMENTS & COURSES 19

MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS
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Rich man's club makes poor offer

Mark Atkinson

WESTERN nations are to invite a handful of developing countries to talks aimed at drawing up new rules to govern international investment by multinational companies.

But many see what is being sold as a concession to the Third World as a red herring, because the countries likely to join the discussions are unrepresentative of the developing world as a whole.

Talks over the Multilateral Agreement on Investment have until now been restricted to members of the Paris-based Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development — the "rich man's club" of leading industrialised nations. The pact aims to establish rules on foreign investment; signatories to any agreement will shed many of their rights to set varying rules for foreign investors.

The absence of developing nations at the talks has fuelled fears that the rights and interests of Third World countries will be overlooked. The annual OECD ministerial gathering in Paris this week will be told that the negotiating group is considering a proposal to include eight non-member countries as full participants in the discussions. The potential participants are Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Hong Kong and the Slovak Republic, which are already

observers at the talks, and Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, which are about to join in the same capacity.

Some experts believe that the entrants — among the most advanced of the developing world — are the least vulnerable to the risk of exploitation by big multinationals.

Jessica Woodroffe of the World Development Movement said: "The developing countries they will allow in are precisely those that will have the least problem with the MAI. There's still nobody representing those that will suffer most."

However, it effectively means that the OECD has agreed to postpone its heavily criticised plan, which development groups characterised as a charter for business to ride roughshod over the environment and the poor. A draft copy of a confidential statement from ministers, obtained by the Guardian, shows that, though the politicians will restate their commitment to the MAI this week, they will say further work is needed before it can be sealed. The statement refrains from setting a new deadline, stating merely that it should be concluded "at the earliest possible date".

OECD sources said the agreement, which has been postponed once before, has now effectively been put on hold until spring 1999 at the earliest.

News of the delay was greeted with delight by Ms Woodroffe:

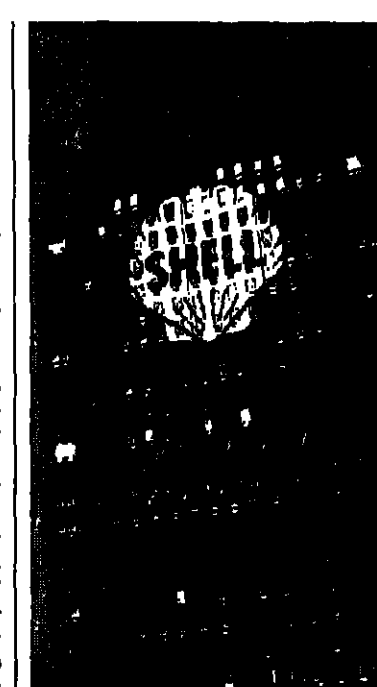
"This delay shows what a misconceived project it is. The negotiators must be very weary by now, dealing with conflicts on dozens of different fronts from labour rights to cultural diversity. Instead of calling a temporary truce, they would be better to start again looking at ways to enforce the responsibility of multinationals, not just their rights."

Ruth Mayne, policy adviser at Oxfam, said: "A new approach is needed, based on broad consultation and including the developing countries from the outset."

Discussions at the OECD on the MAI were launched in 1995 with the aim of protecting the foreign investments of multinationals such as oil companies Shell and BP from unfair treatment or expropriation by national governments. But they have been bedevilled by disagreements over, for example, whether or not to include environmental or labour protection clauses.

France has been spearheading resistance to the MAI, and it has also run into trouble in the United States, where a coalition of trade unionists and environmentalists on the left and anti-free traders on the right could upset its passage through Congress, set for mid-term elections in November. The MAI also conflicts with the Helms-Burton Act, which imposes sanctions on foreign firms investing in Cuba.

Sol Picciotto, professor of law at Lancaster University, said the MAI was the "last gasp of a neo-liberal agenda" which sought to tackle market integration without addressing the real issue of regulation.



Hopes dimmed: multinationals such as Shell would have benefited greatly from the treaty

Lancaster University, said the MAI was the "last gasp of a neo-liberal agenda" which sought to tackle market integration without addressing the real issue of regulation.

"It has very broad investor protection and liberalisation obligations, and very many exceptions, carve-outs and special provisions. There are more holes than cheese," he said.

20 APPOINTMENTS & COURSES

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
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GUARDIAN WEEKLY
May 3 1998

Martin Wainwright and his family find themselves caught up in the Net on the streets of Amsterdam

The future's orange

AMSTERDAM is famous for a number of products that you cannot obtain easily in Britain, but the latest doesn't disappear in a drowsy coil of smoke.

Joint-shaped they may be, but the slender columns of the city's new Internet pavement "kiosks" are likely to do more for the reputation of the Dutch than the cannabis cafes.

While the big players, outside the Pacific rim, dawdle over effective public access to the Internet, one of Europe's smallest countries has stolen an international march.

"Yes, this was invented in little old Holland," beams Ernest Moekels of KPN Telecom, the Dutch equivalent of British Telecom. "And now we have a telecommunications company in New York which is interested in buying a thousand."

That would be 975 more than the 25 initial sites in Amsterdam, where the card-operated computers that deliver the World Wide Web and e-mail catch your eye with their jaunty blue "Q" signs.

"Do they really work?" asked my sceptical sons, teenage budding Thomases after all the hype, and subsequent disap-

pointment, of cyber-cafes. But work they do.

Slide a standard Dutch phonecard into the slot, and the screen — a little smaller than a standard home computer's — flickers into life in either English or Dutch. The two alternatives of the Web or e-mail are promptly available, and the check on your card's remaining guilders ticks away at a reassuring snail's pace.

The kiosk rate of a quarter-guilder, or 25 Dutch cents, for one-and-a-half minutes works out, at current exchange rates, at about five cents. For less than \$2.50, with much jabbing at the query keyboard on the column below the screen, the boys managed to send a storm of e-mails from the kiosk outside the Van Gogh Museum.

Further, in the tradition that invented colonialism, realistic oil-painting and the diamond industry, Amsterdam's cyber-columns print out whatever you have on-screen for an additional 25 cents per transaction. Using KPN's simple search engine to access my current Web site on opening up quangoes (www.dogfish.demon.co.uk/random-choice/home.html) for those interested in constitutional reform, we printed out a section

Amsterdam's public Web kiosks are the first of their kind in Europe
PHOTO: MARTIN WAINWRIGHT

and then — not completely understanding how to log off — left it on-screen to baffle or intrigue the passing public.

Postcards to grandparents were also a doddle, with the relaxing freedom that e-mail gives to those with writer's block. And according to KPN, which was privatised in 1989, the kiosks are more than earning their keep, although lagging well

behind standard phone boxes.

"The two are not to be compared," says Moekels, "but we are building up a picture of the typical user. The commonest profile is aged between 15 and 25, mostly male. We've been encouraged enough to make some design changes, including lowering the screen and getting the keyboard more accessible to young people or those in wheelchairs."



FEATURES 21

Usage has been high enough to warrant another 150 kiosks, which are being installed in Rotterdam, Utrecht and half a dozen other Dutch cities — prompted, too, by the world's only other similar developments in China and Singapore. Further research is under way on improved services such as receiving e-mail — only possible at the moment by setting up a Web-enabled system, which requires a slightly sophisticated type of user (and more guilders time).

British Telecom's reaction — extreme pessimism about the practicality of open-air, unattended keyboards — gets to the heart of the Dutch scheme's success. Apart from trusting the public, the kiosks have weather-proof keys and a screen that stood up, during our experiment, to both rain and hail.

Britain's equivalent is the far inferior Touchpoint, available only in "hosted" places such as university campuses or shopping malls, and offering information and shopping services but no e-mail or Web access.

This was enough to earn it a Millennium Design Award and a place in Tony Blair's "cool Britannia" pantheon, which maybe says something about the latter.

Any day now, we can perhaps expect the Dutch to come sailing up the Thames again — not to burn London down, as Admiral Tromp hoped to do in the 1650s, but to dot its streets with their practical little columns.

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22 **FEATURES**Not just a car,
but a conceptCITY OF WORDS
John Ryle

YOU can't drive my car; I don't have one. Haven't had one for years. Know nothing about the things. It's not a question of principle: I take taxis; I take minibuses; I won't say no to a ride in your Rover, your Escort, your Lada. I'll drive if you like. It's just that I'm not interested in cars.

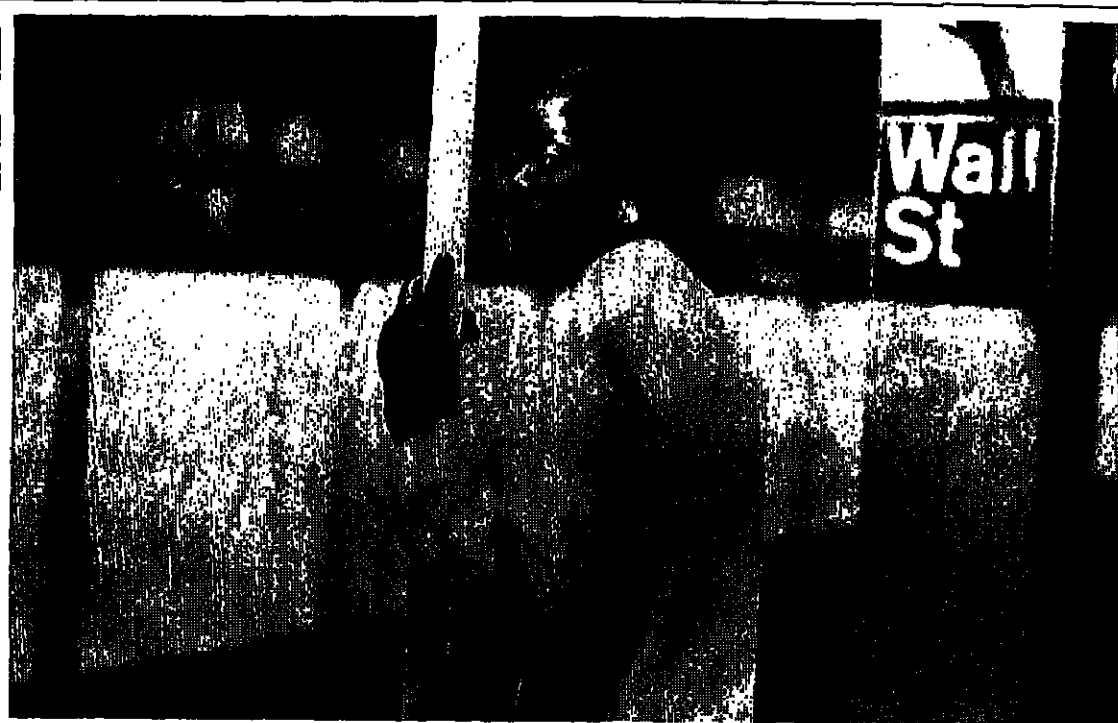
When it comes to tailbacks and traffic wardens, when the talk turns to torque — then weariness overwhelms me, a drowsy numbness pains my sense. (On second thoughts, maybe I'd better not drive.) But when I saw the ad in an American magazine for the new Volkswagen Beetle, my heart leapt. It sang, The Beetle! That's not a car, that's a concept — it's an era, a way of life. The Beetle, in its rambunctious simplicity, reminds us of better times, of the age of innocence.

I had a Beetle myself, you see, a shiny black one, the first car I owned, and the last. I drove it to Spain, I drove it to Afghanistan. I nearly drove it off a cliff. It never even had a puncture. That's how I remember it.

The Beetle's engine, famously, was air-cooled; there was no radiator. There was almost nothing to go wrong. And if it did you could take the engine out by removing four bolts. This was handy for engine thieves. But there were no thieves back then, you understand. Only peace and love. That was what Beetle owners believed. Like their cars, they were different. They gave lifts to hitchhikers. They waved at each other when they passed. In a Beetle no one ever felt road rage. The seats were too uncomfortable.

What was special about the Beetle was, of course, its shape. It was curvy where other cars were straight. Like a hat on wheels — a dashing sombrero (appropriate enough now that the original Beetles are only made in Mexico) — they curved in all dimensions. Like upside-down boats. And they floated, if that was what you wanted. They could probably fly too — their wings were that generous. But I betrayed my Beetle, left it to rust in a street in East London. I still feel guilty.

Now there's a new Beetle. The new model is, we learn, an "up-market, lifestyle vehicle". "The engine is in the front," says the press handout, "but its heart's in the same place." It has a six-speaker stereo and a central locking system. It has power windows and heatable front seats. True, the new Beetle has something of the same profile as the old one. It still looks more like a beached boat than a car. But inside, frankly, it's a Golf. A sort of postmodern Golf, with lavender lights on the dashboard and little pods to the original Beetle, like vinyl headphones and a flower vase on the dash. Powerful, comfortable, witty, chic. But I can't promise I won't take the new model for a test drive. Just to see if I want to pick it up and kiss it.



For women Wall Street's bear-pits and money markets can be ugly, terrifying places

PHOTO: NEIL LIBBERT

Rough traders of Wall Street

In New York's financial district everything is excessive, even the sexual harassment. Joanna Coles reports

WALL STREET is a place of excess: the seven-figure salaries, the soaring, self-reflecting buildings of chrome and glass and the bonuses bigger than the national debt.

From here, it is a short walk towards the southern tip of Manhattan, to Fulton Street, where the New York office of Lew Lieberman & Co stands tall and proud.

A 30-storey exultation of brick and glass, it dominates the eastern end of the street on the very site where, in 1882, Thomas Edison built an historic electric plant which powered the country's first underground station. Last month the same site witnessed another historical breakthrough as, flanked by his lawyers, Mark Lew, chairman and chief executive of Lew Lieberman & Co, agreed to pay \$1.75 million to settle a sexual harassment and discrimination suit brought by 17 former employees.

Although ostensibly modest compared with the telephone numbers that can be awarded in court, the sum was the second highest out-of-court settlement for a harassment claim. But more to the point, Lew was also forced to sign up every single one of his existing 200 staff for urgent training in the prevention of future harassment.

Lesbian strippers... frequent flashing... demands for oral sex by senior staff... obscenities broadcast over the office Tannoy... blatant preference for those who traded in sexual favours and grotesque abuses of power by staff fuelled by cocaine... This is a case which has started even Wall Street.

Indeed, it is hard to imagine what it must have been like to work in an office where such astonishing behaviour was not only tolerated but actually perpetrated by some of the company's most senior executives. "What was so serious was that the harassment was carried on at such a high level," says Elizabeth Grossman, a lawyer at the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC), who brokered the deal on behalf of the 17 former staff.

For Grossman, aged 30, the settlement is yet another personal triumph. She is rapidly becoming the unlikely scourge of the financial district. Though in some of her cases the finer details of the harassment remain confidential — the obvious attraction of settling out of court — the one against Lew Lieberman is an exception because there is also a separate and incredibly detailed suit, filed by three other former employees, who appear determined to see their former bosses in the dock.

The papers, filed at the Federal Court, read like a Michael Crichton novel with additional reporting supplied by Penthouse. Lew himself, the firm's top man, is accused of at least three affairs with female employees, one of whom was told she could keep her job if she met him at a certain hotel. Meanwhile the chief financial officer, Leonard A. Neuhaus, had an affair with his secretary — not perhaps unusual conduct for a boss and his assistant, but on one occasion, after a noisy sex session at his desk, they sprayed each other with cans of whipped cream and then demanded other employees clean up the debris of their passion.

"It became clear there was a serious pattern," Grossman says. "The frequency with which the offensive behaviour took place... I have five or six cases on the go at any one time and I see so much of it every day, but it's always shocking when people have to endure this kind of behaviour. It takes a strong person to be able to put up with it."

It takes a strong person to challenge it too. Not one of Grossman's complainants was still working for Lieberman & Co when they registered an official complaint with the EEOC. Those who did complain, even hesitantly, were ignored or dismissed. What made the situation impossible was that the people they were supposed to complain to were guilty of the very behaviour they were complaining about.

daring to complain. Be warned, the summary of their allegations does not make family reading.

Their 50-page complaint begins with the Pit, an area in the centre of the office which formed a thoroughfare through which the three women passed several times a day. It was, according to Complaint 87/3016 "composed of male brokers, many of whom upon information and belief were frequent drug users. These brokers sat, lurked, terrorised and preyed upon the plaintiffs by subjecting them to a daily torrent and virtual hailstorm of sexual harassment... loudly broadcast by voice and by the firms microphone. The plaintiffs were... subjected to repeated demands for blow jobs."

American law divides sexual harassment into two categories; the first is known as Quid Pro Quo, where the harasser demands favours for promotion; the second is Hostile Environment, where the

If a woman was on a call, the broker would frequently shriek obscenities down the line, even to clients

harassment creates an intolerable atmosphere. The senior managers at Lieberman & Co are accused of both: take, for example, the hiring of lesbian strippers to celebrate the birthday of Barry S. Rabkin, the first vice-president.

Casper claims that although she tried to leave the Pit, she was forced to stay and watch the show while her boss, Mr Neuhaus, the chief financial officer, "made a fool of himself by poking one of the strippers repeatedly in the buttocks". Two pages on and the document reveals how one of the strippers with pierced genitals thoughtfully removed a labia ring which was then passed round the office. The next day, one of the brokers presented it to Casper in a plastic bag and demanded she sniff it.

The women also complain that the men's lavatory was accessible only by walking through the kitchen, so upon seeing a female on her way to the bathroom Rabkin,

the first vice-president, and Fred Dorushkin, rejoicing in the title of junior partner broker, would make remarks such as "My ankle wants to throw up", or "Want to help me?" Dorushkin would then emerge from the bathroom, not having wiped up his spilt. He would regularly announce that he had not washed his hands, proceed to the nearest woman and wipe them on her shirt. When Casper complained to Lew, the chief executive, he laughed and called her "white trash".

When Casper reported this to Joseph Alagna, supposedly in charge of monitoring the brokers, he replied: "Don't let it show that it bothers you and it will die out." When Caliendo went to him to complain after similar incidents, she says he whipped out his penis and asked her to suck it.

Several of the brokers would regularly demand blow jobs producing an "abusive and hostile work environment of unprecedented dimensions". If one of the women was on a business call, the same broker would frequently snatch the receiver and start shrieking obscenities down the line, even to clients. Meanwhile Laurie O'Connor, a sales assistant, who succumbed to Barry Rabkin's sexual charms, received a higher bonus than the other assistants, received cash allowances and was allowed to order freely from catalogues, buy a stereo system and received numerous tickets to concerts and sporting events all paid for by the firm.

Casper claims she felt as though she was "living through a nightmare and frequently cried at work and after work".

The three women's final allegation is that Lew hired "wow girls" such as Tanya Pisanello, recruited because she was attractive. "Lew Lieberman conducted no real interview of her. When defendant Rabkin and defendant Dorushkin spotted her in the Pit they immediately flocked to her and told her she was hired. When she asked them what she would be doing, they gave her no real answer."

Inevitably, the bad publicity surrounding such claims can have a detrimental effect on a company. Though Lew Lieberman & Co rejects many of the allegations, the company has also recently changed its name, to First Asset Management. However, they insist this was not as a result of the publicity but rather a desire to "capture the essence of the corporate strategy".

"The most typical reason is power," says Robert Lipman, another lawyer representing four of the 17 complainants. "You get young men working for a ton of money and women making a decent wage. It's a power trip I can tell you in the last 12 months there have been a record number of severance packages; a huge number of figure bouncers; individuals in their twenties are making \$800,000-\$700,000. It's making someone to get out of college and do that, they're on a huge trip and the companies don't instil them with the need to act responsibly."

As part of its penance, staff at First Asset Management, as it now prefers to be known, will each undergo a minimum of two hours' intensive training with a counselling on harassment awareness. "It's not much, but it's a start. It's often a business decision," sighs Lipman. "People are starting to realise the cost of these harassment suits is enormous... And employees need to send a message that they are not prepared to tolerate this behaviour."

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
May 3 1998Inventor sniffs
out cure for
trainer pong

FASHION has always come at a price, writes John Duncan. High heels make you fall over, tight trousers restrict blood flow to essential organs, and training shoes stink after a month if you do not wear socks.

But British inventor Peter Chown reckons that while the first two problems are insurmountable, his new aerosol pump has cracked trainer tang.

Mr Chown's system, which has already attracted an offer from an American multinational shoe company, involves using the hollow sole of most modern trainers to store deodorant which a valve system, activated by the pressure of the foot walking, releases into the stinky parts of the shoe. One simply replenishes the deodorant.

"I started when I was sitting with my wife and we smelled this revolting smell," said Mr Chown, aged 55, of King's Lynn, Norfolk. "It turned out to be my grandchildren's trainers by the radiator. Being an inventor my wife said there must be something I could do about it."

"I started off by looking at what there was already. The sprays only last about 10 minutes and the socks you can put in get mangled up really quickly. So I cut open a heel on a trainer and found out it was hollow and that gave me the idea." Ten tiny holes allow deodorant to flow into the shoe.

Mr Chown has a track record as an inventor. He was part of the team that invented the black box flight recorders for aircraft, and he made £170,000 out of inventing the bike carrier for cars.

"I was a bit green then, selling it for a one-off payment," he says, "but this trainer technology will make me a millionaire if it gets taken up."



Fashion statement... a trainer which may become smell-free if Peter Chown's deodorant pump is taken up

PHOTO: DAVID CONNOLLY

Notes & Queries Joseph Harker

Does any creature (apart from humans) show any appreciation of music — be it as rhythm or melody?

EXAMPLES of creatures that make their own music are plentiful, and so we can just assume that it is enjoyed (by the performer if no one else). Whalesong is perhaps the most surprising. Birdsong, the most familiar, has been noted in musical terms by composers for centuries (perhaps most notably by Messiaen), with the recent discovery that individual birds develop musical "signatures" as distinct as a human fingerprint.

Howler monkeys may not be the most perfect of beasts, but they do have perfect pitch: a gang of these creatures always begins on the note of E-flat, and they work their way up and down about an octave (in steps approximately equal to a third of a tone) during the course of their sing-song.

The most surprising example of a non-human audience is plants, which were shown to respond to music in carefully controlled experiments at Berkeley University, California, in the late 1960s. Plants continuously exposed to Bach's work piped through loudspeakers

grew faster than those grown in silence, and actually twined themselves around the speakers. The same plants (usually geraniums and beans) withered when exposed to a 24-hour rock station, and grew away from the speaker as though blasted by gales. — *Garrick Alder, London*

WHEN I was a student my dog started to howl when I tried to play the violin, so his musical appreciation was better than mine. — *H L Gollerman, Arles, France*

HOW are TV viewing figures calculated?

IN THE UK, there is a panel, administered by the British Audience Research Bureau (BARB), of around 4,000 households, each of which has a monitoring device — a "peoplemeter" — attached to the television set(s).

Viewers only have to watch a programme for one minute to be monitored, but if the programme is, say, 30 minutes long, then this single minute only counts for 1/30th of the programme.

TV broadcasters, who can change their output in real time to satisfy the panel. — *Andy Cook, Paris*

WHAT is particularly daft about a brush?

NOTHING. This "saying" is a meaningless Southern corruption of the entirely logical Northern expression "soft as a brush". "Soft" means weak in the head, and the brush is the tail of a fox. — *Gerald Haigh, Bedfordshire, Warwickshire*

WHERE does the phrase "by a long chalk" come from?

THE allusion is to the custom of making merit marks with chalk, before lead pencils were common. — *Keri Love, Brisbane, Australia*

WHAT books should I read to become an intellectual?

AN INTELLECTUAL is one who listens to the William Tell Overture and doesn't think of the Lone Ranger. However, since the emergence of Cultural Studies that must be modified to only think of the Lone Ranger. — *Rohan Bastis, Townsville, Queensland, Australia*

Letter from Uzbekistan Jennifer Balfour

Reluctant bride

FIRUZA was raped by a neighbour when she was five. Of course she didn't call it rape at the time. She really didn't know what was going on. He just told her they were playing a game. She didn't think about it much until she was 15. Until then, she along with her friends thought babies were made when you kissed. The secrets of the wedding night were kept for those who needed to know. And girls didn't.

But there was a teacher at school who thought differently. Firuza remembers clearly the lecture that opened her eyes to the horrors of the first night. She recalls the clinical dissection of the events that would follow frenzied dancing at her wedding party when she and her stranger husband would be escorted by an alcohol-crazed crowd to a strange house which would be her new home. They would wear white clothes, lie behind a white curtain on a white sheet, and she would have to respond somehow to a man preparing to rape her.

The more she heard, the more she burned with embarrassment and shame, and when she realised the significance of the white sheet, she fainted. Evidence of her purity would be paraded the next day in the form of the stained white sheet for all to see, by old women crying: "All is well!"

If all was not well, she would be stripped of her new clothes and jewellery and driven out in rags under a pall of shame that would cling for ever. As a reward for her precision and courage in preparing the village girls for their future, the teacher was removed. But this much remained in Firuza's mind — she had to be a virgin and the consequences of her violation as a child returned to haunt her from that day on.

Her older sister's first night had been a disaster. So terrified had she been at the thought of the conjugal process, that she had cowered for three days in the corner of the

marital room, finally confessing to an imaginary previous infidelity in order to escape the ordeal. She had been unceremoniously returned to her parents, who spent a sleepless night contemplating their own future standing in the village, before taking her the next day for a medical examination.

Once the indignity of a thorough check-up had pronounced all was well, the unsold product was proudly repackaged to its new owners with instructions to try again. Two babies later, the problem was obviously ironed out, but Firuza's own fears might not be resolved so easily. They are real. Not a day goes by without her reliving her childhood nightmare and contemplating the impossibility of her plight.

GIRLS ARE brought up solely with the wedding night in mind. They are nurtured, protected, moulded and often imprisoned to ensure the success of the one night that will make or break their father's standing in the community. The pride of the whole family is at stake and it hangs on proof of their virginity.

Firuza is 23 and her time is coming soon. Already boys are queuing for her hand. She has told no one about her experience lest the news gets out and she is condemned for ever to life with an alcoholic, a divorcee, or an older man whom no one else wants. Her mother would break down if she knew, and her father would never believe the truth. At any rate she knew she would be blamed.

Firuza will of course remain silent, hoping desperately that by some miracle her violation at five was not complete and her secret can die with her. But the turbulence within will merely intensify as her time approaches, and mental terrors will continue to assail her until the day she can prove without a doubt, that with her, as with every good village girl, all is well.

Any answers?

IF I LIVED at the North or South Pole and never came into contact with other people, could I catch a cold? — *Lynn Jones, Kaguorth, Derbyshire*

EACH year there seems to be a new film released which has made more money than any other, and been seen by more people. Of course, inflation and population increases count but is there a fair way to compare, say, Titanic with Gone With The Wind? — *Nick Gammon, Melbourne, Australia*

MALE body hair grows to a fixed length then stops. If it is cut, it grows back to the original length. Hair is composed of dead cells so how does it "know" the length to re-grow? — *Andrew Cornish, Wollongong, Australia*

Answers should be e-mailed to weekly@guardian.co.uk, faxed to 0171-44171-242-0885, or posted to The Guardian Weekly, 75 Farringdon Road, London EC1M 3HQ. The Notes & Queries website is at <http://nq.guardian.co.uk/>

I've got a cold

Stone's throw in history

Mark Cooker

IT IS fascinating to follow the links connecting major events to what seem to be the most distant, insignificant elements, and to see how history often hinges on these apparent trivia. Take, for instance, the Napoleonic wars. They were shaped in part by a few thousand tonnes of stone and about 300 anonymous, unremembered souls in a small quiet town in Suffolk.

The men were the miners and knappers of Brandon, and the stone they worked was flint, the hard black silica which is probably formed from the skeletons of marine creatures that collected on the seabed during the Cretaceous period.

At the end of the 18th century the British war effort against the French depended largely on the English flintlock — a gun that in turn relied on a piece of flint held in the jaws of the cock. When the trigger was squeezed the cock sprang forward to strike a steel cap and as the two smashed together sparks flew off, igniting the gunpowder.

It was soon discovered that the dense black flint found in layers in the chalk beds of Breckland produced some of the most reliable gunflints. A single piece could yield 40-50 shots without misfiring, but since it wore away every time the trigger was pulled, each soldier carried his own little bag of spare Brandon flints.

During the entire conflict the British army had 3,500,000 muskets manufactured and at the peak of demand, in 1804, contracted with the Suffolk knappers to produce 356,000 gunflints a month.

In a single hour a skilled worker could produce 300 of these little flakes. Not surprisingly Brandon was in clover. When the "tick-tick-tick" of steel on stone stopped in its workshops, the knappers were said to play pitch-and-toss with guinea pieces.

Although the town eventually acquired some renown for the skill



ILLUSTRATION: ANN HOBDAV

and traditions of its knappers they are not actually the most celebrated flint workers in the Breckland region. That accolade goes to the community that mined the stone 4,000 years earlier.

Several hundred small depressions that poke an area of heathland close to Brandon had long been a puzzle to local people. The site's name, Grime's Graves, testified to an old misconception that they were pagan burial chambers, but 19th century archaeological excavations revealed that they were neolithic flint mines.

They represent one of the oldest industrial landscapes in Europe. Two excavated pits were shown to be 12m deep and 4m in diameter at the bottom. Working these mines involved clearing 1,000 tonnes of waste in order to obtain just 8 tonnes of flint. And all of the work, probably a whole summer's labour for 15 miners, was done with nothing more

sophisticated than picks made of red-deer antlers.

The flint itself, of much higher quality than material found at the surface, was worked on site into axes and other implements, then traded across southern England.

Some of the finds at Grime's Graves have been deeply moving — an antler pick, for instance, that still bore its owner's thumb-print on the handle. It is also inspiring to examine the museum cabinets of flint implements in the nearby town of Thetford.

The workmanship of these stone-age craftsmen is as precise and skilled as anything produced by the knappers of Brandon four millennia later. But then the sense of wonder at these ancient artefacts expands again when you reflect that beneath the craftsmanship is the raw black stone itself — an object that carries the imagination back another 65 million years.

Chess Leonard Barden

FOUR over-60 chess legends led by Korchnoi and Spassky recently competed against four rising talents, including the youngest ever GMs, Bacrot, aged 15, and Ponomarev, aged 14, in what French organisers called the Battle of the Generations.

Thanks mainly to Korchnoi and Spassky the veterans won by one point over 32 games. This evocative contest was played at Cannes, which only a few months ago hosted the under-10 to under-16 world championships. Individual scores were Korchnoi, Spassky and Bacrot 5/8; Ponomarev 4/4; Gligoric 4; Nafar 3/4; Shaked and Talmanov 2/4.

One journalist disparagingly bracketed Cannes and the annual Women v Veterans match as "women and children last", but such events are inspirational for those given the chance to play their chess heroes. At a previous Generations match 10 years ago, the juniors included Anand and Adams. When Korchnoi and Spassky gave simulms against England juniors 20 years ago, many of their opponents went on to become GMs and IMs. The British Chess Federation has, alas, long since abandoned this proven technique of sparking talent.

So many prodigies have become top GMs in recent years that there is now an unrelenting search for new names. Arkady Naidiche, of Germany, has just achieved his first IM Norm at the age of 12 years, 3 months, a record for a boy, though still older than Judit Polgar.

Britain's current young hopes are Murugan Thiruchelvam, of Surrey, with a Fide world rating at the age of nine, and David Howell of Sussex, who is showing great promise at seven.

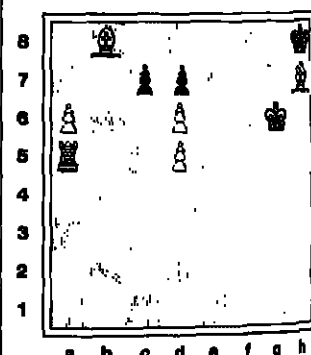
Korchnoi v Shaked

1 d4 Nf3 2 c4 e6 3 Nf3 c5 4 g3 Wily Viktor dodges any homework in the sharp Benoni 4 d5 exd5 5

cxd5 d6 and g6. cxd4 5 Nxd4 Qc7 6 b3 Bb4+? Inconsistent, as followed by Nc6, d6, Be7, 0-0 and Bb7 would set up a hedgehog formation, passive but hard to break down. 7 Bd2 Bc5 8 e3 b6 9 Nb5! Black expected 9 Bg2 Bb7, but Korchnoi wants his B on the same diagonal as the BQ. Qb7 10 Rg1 Bc3 Bd7 14 Nd2 Nxd4 15 exd4 Be7 16 g4! A true GM idea, a K-side attack with both kings still to mid-board.

Bc6 17 g5 Nd7 18 Qg4 0-0! 0-0 is a better try. 19 h4 Rf6 20 b5 f5 21 gxf6 Bxf6 22 0-0 Rac8 23 Kh1 h5 24 exd5 exd5 If Bxd5 25 Ne4 keeps up the pressure. 25 Nf1 Nf8 26 Nc3 Kh8 27 Bb2 Ne6 28 Qf5. The double threat of h6 and Nxd5 provokes Black to open up the game with fatal results. Qb6 29 h6 Nxd4 30 hxg7+ Bxg7 31 Rxd4 Resigns. A graceful finish. If Bxd4 32 Qf6+! Bx6 33 Bxf6+ Kg8 34 Bxd5+ Kf8 35 Kg8 mate.

No 2521



White mates in two moves, against any defence (by L. Flist, 1976). The composer has been sneaky; don't get caught by his trick.

No 2520: 11 moves: 1 Kf2 Kg2 2 Kf2 Kh1 3 Kf3 Kg7 4 Kg3 Kh4 (5 Kf4? Kh5) Kg6 6 Kg4 Kh6 7 Kf5 Kg7 8 Kg5 Kh7 9 Kh6 Kg8 10 Kg6 Kh8 11 Rf8 mate.

A warrior against injustice

Bishop Trevor Huddleston

IT IS one of the most remarkable facts of our time that it was a white bishop whom the African National Congress asked to open their first conference in freedom in 1991. His return to South Africa as a hero, after an absence of 35 years, was the measure of the stature of Bishop Trevor Huddleston, who has died aged 84.

After all that Huddleston had achieved in South Africa, when he was recalled to England by the Community of the Resurrection in 1956 at only 43, that might have been the end of his story. It proved to be just the beginning. He grew in stature as, successively, Bishop of Massie, of Stepney, of Mauritius and, finally, Archbishop of the Indian Ocean. From 1983, in so-called retirement, he was president of the Anti-Apartheid Movement and chairman of the International Defence and Aid Fund. His reputation in the black community in South Africa was undimmed.

If a man is known by the company he keeps, there were those who Huddleston knew as promising young men in Johannesburg — Oliver Tambo, Nelson Mandela, Desmond Tutu — who grew to be great men, of the stature of his later friend Julius Nyerere in Masasi. But most of his company never became names, and his top priority each day was to "keep company" with God in prayer.

Huddleston was born in Bedford, the son of Captain Sir Ernest Whitehead Huddleston, eventually commander of the Indian Navy. His father was absent in India, and they did not meet until Huddleston was seven. His devout Anglo-Catholic home and the local Hampstead church were powerful influences upon him.

Early in his childhood he began to think he was called to the priesthood. Later, Lancing College was a huge influence. At Christ Church, Oxford, Trevor felt the call to be a monk as well as a priest.

After Oxford, he spent an invaluable year in Ceylon, up the Irrawaddy river, in India, and in Palestine. He was ordained to curacy in the railway town of Swindon at the height of the Depression. In 1939, aged 26, Huddleston went to Mirfield, to test his vocation in the Community of the Resurrection. Fr Edward Kettle Talbot, the Superior, warned him that having no children would prove the most costly demand of the religious life. Huddleston's wartime reclusiveness at Mirfield, when most able-bodied men were being called up, was a general slam try, showing excellent spades.

Garozzo thought it was Black wood, of course, and so responded confused and desperately wary after 12 gruelling days of play. This contract had to fall, the American gained 11 IMPs, and when the last board was flat they had won the World Championship by a margin of just three points.

When Raymond Raynes returned from South Africa to be Superior of the Community, Huddleston happened to be on kitchen and front-door duty. Raynes was clearly sick and was put to bed. Huddleston took Raynes's meals up for a week and was ordered to play and talk. Soon it was announced that Raynes had decided. Huddleston should succeed him as priest-in-charge of Sophiatown and Orlando Anglican



Scourge of apartheid... Huddleston, aged 47, sets off for Tanganyika in 1960, five years after being recalled from South Africa

Missions, Johannesburg. His ship sailed for Cape Town in 1943.

Within days of his arrival, Huddleston was immersed in the beginnings of his onslaught on apartheid, in Church as well as State, the story of which he would eventually recount in his best-seller *Naught For Your Comfort* (1966). His outstanding gifts of leadership and courage were soon apparent. He learnt to communicate powerfully both as a speaker and writer. He had the voice of a visionary and a handsome and commanding face. He worked not only with like-minded Anglicans but with Jews, Hindus, Muslims and agnostics.

Where apartheid was concerned, he was totally uncompromising — which led him into conflict with the bishops of his church.

Huddleston's ministry in Sophiatown was movingly described by Alan Paton in *Cry, The Beloved Country* (1948). Huddleston was Provincial of his Community in South Africa from 1949 to 1955. He was given the ANC's highest award, the title *Isithwalwale*, the Courageous Warrior. When his Community recalled him in 1955 only his vow of obedience made him obey: he would almost certainly otherwise have been arrested. His Superior judged that a South African prison was no place for a diabetic like Huddleston. In South Africa, those who depended on him, like Oliver Tambo, were dumbfounded.

There followed four unhappy years. Huddleston, coping with his bereavement of Africa and with correspondence and invitations to speak that flowed from the best-selling *Naught For Your Comfort*, was for a time guardian of novices at Mirfield and then prior of the CR house at Notting Hill Gate.

People close to him were clear that he should return to Africa. Huddleston was Bishop of Masasi in Tanganyika, the fourth poorest country in the world, from 1960 to 1968. Nyerere, a Roman Catholic, called him "our bishop". They worked together as partners.

It was Robert Stopford, Bishop of London, who in 1968 invited Hud-

dleston to be Bishop Suffragan of Stepney. At a time when east London was witnessing a considerable increase in the immigrant population and a growing mass hysteria against the Pakistanis, there could hardly have been a wiser appointment.

It was Gerald Ellison, Bishop of London, who realised that, at 65, Huddleston still had it in him to be a very considerable bishop overseas, and caused him to be both Bishop of Mauritius and Archbishop of the Indian Ocean from 1978 to 1983. He grew in understanding of the faiths of Muslims, Hindus and Buddhists. This new ecumenism became central to what he believed and practised.

If anyone imagined the septuagenarian Huddleston would sit back they were mistaken. When he retired, he became provost of the Selly Oak colleges; president of the Anti-Apartheid Movement; chairman of the International Defence and Aid Fund and a Trustee of the Runnymede Trust — a massive expenditure of time and energy.

No one who knew Huddleston intimately could deny that he remained to the end, in a rather old-fashioned sense, a man of God. Living his last years in a few rooms at the top of the vicarage of St James's, in London, there was still much of the monk about him.

When one asks why Huddleston remained such a hero, Archbishop Tutu probably provides the best answer. He says: "I was in hospital for 20 months with TB, and, if Father Huddleston was in Johannesburg, he made it a point to visit me at least once a week. I was just a nonentity, 13 years old, and yet he paid so much attention to me."

If Trevor Huddleston seemed sometimes a man with a cause — to the point of obsession — it was only because he was, first, a man with compassion for individual children of God.

Frio James

Trevor Urban Trevor Huddleston, born March 16, 1913; died April 20, 1998.

Voice of Mexico

Octavio Paz

OCTAVIO PAZ, who has died aged 84, was one of the great figures of Latin American culture and literature in the 20th century, and one of the last surrealists. The award to him in 1990 of the Nobel Prize for Literature was the just and timely recognition of his notable poetic gifts — he was praised for his "impassioned writing with wide horizons, characterised by sensuous intelligence and humanistic integrity".

With the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda, he was one of the most significant poets of the age — and not just in Latin America. But he was also an immensely intelligent and perceptive critic — of literature, art and society — and some of his best work was done in the field of criticism.

Like most Latin American intellectuals, Paz also took an active part in the political life of his country — as a journalist and a diplomat — and, in later life, he enjoyed a reputation as an outspoken critic of the Mexican "revolutionary" regime: not unlike that of a Soviet dissident.

Paz was always controversial, always a maverick, set slightly apart from the accepted wisdom of the time. But he was a man of immense charm, with a strong moral sense, who inspired great loyalty. Anyone who met him, heard his lectures, or got caught up in the production of his magazines, found a man of great energy, huge enthusiasm, and crystal pure integrity.

His book *The Labyrinth of Solitude* (1950) has, for years, been a defining text about the nature of Mexico, both for Mexicans and for foreigners. Its immense global success was due to the fact that he made the fate of a Mexican appear to speak for the entire human condition. Although partly a book about the pre-Hispanic roots of Mexican culture, Paz's wide reading enabled him to create a Mexico that was integrally included in the Western tradition.

Paz was born in Mexico City, when the Mexican revolution of 1910 was but four years old. He came from a well-off progressive family, and many of his intellectual contemporaries were to slip easily into the role of revolutionary bureaucrat. But Paz himself, over the years, acquired considerable distaste for Mexico's amorphous, non-ideological, non-intellectual revolution — and he preferred to keep it at arm's length.

He did become a Mexican diplomat, first in Paris and later as ambassador in India, but in Latin America such jobs are often kept open to provide a living for writers and poets. When his distaste for the regime became too profound, he resigned from government service.

In 1937, scarcely out of college, Paz went to live and work in the Yucatan, helping to set up a rural school near Merida, an experience that produced one of his early long poems, *Between Stone and Flower*, a reflection on the life of the stony growers and an indictment of the world of money. But he was soon diverted from this early attempt to get to grips with Mexico's rural reality by an expedition to republican Spain, then in the full drama of civil war and international intervention.

Paz had been invited by Neruda to attend the International Writers' congress in Barcelona, a great leftist jamboree in support of the republic. For him, as for all the other Latin American writers who arrived in

Spain in those years, the civil war was a life-altering experience. It left him with a strong memory of the possibility of a utopian new society that was neither viable nor recoverable. He had just got married, to Elena Garro, and was to spend a year in Spain — though not as a combatant.

When the civil war ended with the victory of Franco, Paz returned to Mexico, bringing with him the cream of Spanish intellectual life. But something happened to Paz in the years back in Mexico. He moved away from the leftist political commitment of his contemporaries and quarrelled violently with the communist Neruda. He read voraciously, was influenced by Nietzsche, and abandoned his early interest in political action.

He began to see himself as a poet rather than an embryonic politician. In 1943 he left Mexico on a two-year scholarship to the United States. Four years later he went as a diplomat to Paris and sought out Andre Breton. For several years Paz was well established in the surviving surrealist circle. Surrealism nourished his obsession with the erotic, as well as his growing hostility to Stalinism. He became a noted critic of Jean-Paul Sartre. These interests were to set him apart from other Latin American intellectuals of his generation.

In the 1960s Paz went to India as Mexico's ambassador. It was an interesting and important assignment — Nehru's India was one of the leaders of the embryonic Third



Paz: significant poet of the age

World, of which Mexico was a potential member.

In 1968, after six years in Delhi, Paz resigned from the Mexican foreign service in protest against the Tlatelolco massacre in Mexico City just before the Olympic Games were held there. Nearly 400 student demonstrators, caught up in the worldwide student agitation of that year, were shot in Mexico's central square. Paz was shocked and, without sharing the leftist outlook of the student revolutionaries, he began to take an active role in trying to undermine the entrenched power structure of the Mexican state.

Paz published his great study of Sor Juana Ines de la Cruz, probably his finest work, in 1982. Sor Juana was a 17th century poet in colonial Mexico who got into endless trouble with the Inquisition for her subversive writings. The work was a dazzling display of Paz's talents — as poet, critic, philosopher and surrealist joker. Eventually, though, Paz will survive through his poetry.

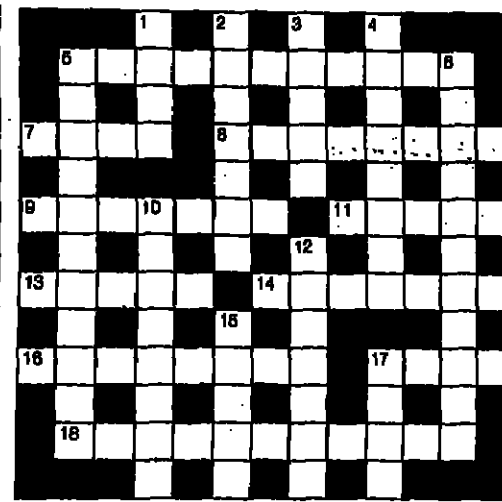
Richard Gott

Octavio Paz, poet, critic, diplomat, born March 31, 1914; died April 19, 1998.

Quick crossword no. 416

Across

- 5 No consolation (4,7)
- 7 Fish — cavill (4)
- 8 Haughty (8)
- 9 (Blown) right up into the air (3-4)
- 11 Series of links (5)
- 13 Liver etc (5)
- 14 It's for weaving or crossing the Channel (7)
- 16 Reading of list of names (4-4)
- 17 Way (4)
- 18 Lesson given by expert (6,5)



Down

- 1 Mistake — garment (4)
- 2 Repulsively thin (7)
- 3 Chic — clever (5)
- 4 An outside chance (4,4)
- 5 The final thunder? (5,2,4)
- 6 Form of sore throat (11)

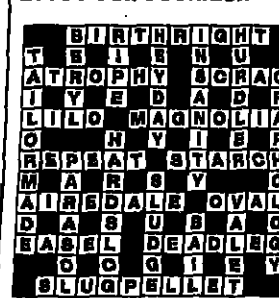
10 Topped, as chickens (8)

12 Cup (7)

15 His dozen is 13 (6)

17 Fruit — sounds like two (4)

Last week's solution



Bridge Zia Mahmood

FOLLOWING a rare defeat for their team in the 1998 Vanderbilt tournament, Bob Hamman and Bobby Wolff shocked the bridge world by announcing that they would no longer continue to play as partners. Since 1972 they have been one of the finest pairs in the world and, in recent years, have played a major part in the American domination of the world bridge scene.

They have won everything in the game — six World Team Championships, the World Pairs Championship, and the Olympiad — but their greatest victory came in the 1983 Bermuda Bowl. This was the year in which the Italian Blue Team, who for 13 years had never lost in the final of a World Championship, at last succumbed to the Americans.

The drama of the last few deals in the final was as intense as the game of bridge has ever been. With two boards to go, the Italians led by 8 IMPs, and, as far as Hamman and Wolff could tell, the last two deals were unlikely to produce a swing. But, as Hamman put it: "I'll never give up hope while there's anyone breathing on my side." Shown above is the penultimate deal — East-West vulnerable, dealer East:

North

AKJ962
K73
KQ3
8

West

74
6
AJ108
QJ7643

East

None
Q10982
97642
A95

South

Q10853
AJ54
5
K102

Hamman and Wolff had this auction:

South West North East
Hman Mosca Wolff Lauria
1h Pass ANT Pass
5h Pass 5h Pass
Pass Pass

Even the five level was not quite safe, but the cards were lying favourably for Hamman, and he took 11 tricks easily enough.

Surely, though, the Italians would achieve the same score of plus 450, and their lead would remain unchanged with just one deal remain-

ing. However, with the legendary Benito Garozzo and Giorgio Belladonna holding the North-South cards, this, incredibly, was what happened:

South West North East
Gozzo Wchael B'donna Sont
1h Pass ANT Pass
3h Pass ANT Pass
5h Pass

2NT showed a strong rule in spades with a singleton somewhere for which Garozzo was supposed to ask by bidding three clubs. In an attempt to discourage his partner's slam ambitions, Belladonna jumped to 4NT, which, in his own opinion, was a general slam try, showing excellent spades.

Garozzo thought it was Black wood, of course, and so responded confused and desperately wary after 12 gruelling days of play. This contract had to fall, the American gained 11 IMPs, and when the last board was flat they had won the World Championship by a margin of just three points.

Words louder than action

THEATRE

Michael Billington

IT'S BEEN a month of booze and talk — on stage, that is. First the sudden pipe-dreamers of *The Iceman Cometh*. Then the ruminative train passengers in Yasmina Reza's *The Unexpected Man*. And now, in Sebastian Barry's *Our Lady of Sligo*, at London's National Theatre, we have a monologue-prone heroine dying of an alcohol-poisoned liver in a Dublin hospital. Rarely have I felt so bethumped with words.

Barry, as we know from *The Steward of Christendom*, is a first-rate theatrical poet: every phrase is brushed with eloquence. He also finds in his ancestors echoes of Irish history. But while the new play is a feast for the ear, it also poses certain questions. Does it, for a largely non-Irish audience, have the public resonance of its prize-winning predecessor? And is there enough action in the present to balance its evocation of the past? For all its virtues, one would have to say not.

As before, Barry digs into family history — in this instance, to provide an imagined portrait of his grandmother. When we meet her, Mai O'Hara is lying in a Dublin hospital bed in 1953, visited periodically by her husband and daughter. Through her, and their recollections, we gradually piece together the narrative of her life. We learn of her youthful promise as a member of the Galway bourgeoisie, of her ill-fated marriage to alcoholic engineer Jack, of Mai's own recourse to the bottle and the consequent death of a baby son, and of a sleazy Sligo married life fuelled by liquor, bickering and remorse.

But what is the source of Mai's tragedy? Is she the victim of character, circumstance or history? A mixture of all three, Barry suggests, with the last predominating.



Trouble and strife... Sinéad Cusack and Nigel Terry in *Our Lady of Sligo* by Sebastian Barry. PHOTOGRAPH: NEIL LIBERT

Mai herself suggests that her drinking is inspired by Jack's example. But Jack, who works his way up the social ladder via the British services, blames "the sheer boredom of Ireland, the sheer provincial death-grip that lies upon the land", and, in particular, the spiritual and intellectual isolation of the country after the civil war, up to and including the 1932 De Valera ministry. Like Thomas Dunne in *The Stew-*

ard of Christendom, Mai is blighted by events. He was a loyal servant of the British state at a time when Ireland was fighting for independence; she is a member of the Catholic middle class at a time when they are being marginalised by the new Free State. But Dunne's tragedy arose from a peculiar mixture of his private life and public role; with Mai it is harder to feel the oppressive weight of history.

What you are left with is a play in which almost everything crucial has already happened. You see Mai's awful humiliations in the hospitalised present: the morphine injections, the blanket baths, the nervous visits from her husband and actress daughter. But it is almost entirely a play of retrospective action; and, while it is fascinating to hear of Mai's golden youth, marital squalls and maternal guilt, Barry relies too much on the imperfect past at the expense of the indicative present.

His language, however, has a fierce eloquence that is democratically distributed among all the characters. Max Stafford-Clark's characteristically precise production also allows the action to flow easily in and out of the Dublin hospital rooms. And there are fine performances from June Watson as Mai's stalwart middle-class friend, from Nigel Terry as her poker-backed, uneasily gentrified husband and, most of all, from Sinéad Cusack, who has to carry the burden of the play as Mai. She has a habit of leaping forwards in her bed that evokes Mai's former impulsive energy; the skill of this marvellous performance is that it suggests that somewhere inside Mai's decaying body lies a potent memory of her reckless, tennis-playing, music-loving younger self.

It has, in fact, been a month of superb acting: not just Cusack, or Kevin Spacey in *The Iceman Cometh*, but also Michael Gambon and Eileen Atkins in *Malinche*, and Warchus's *The Unexpected Man*, at The Pit, which lack of space prevented me from reviewing properly.

As two strangers on a train, Gambon has the morose, introspective bulk of a self-deploring writer, while Atkins, as his closest admirer, beautifully displays the bright-eyed intensity and avid curiosity of a woman for whom fiction is more real than life itself. We may have suffered from an excess of interior monologues and buttonholing addresses, but connoisseurs of acting have been pelted with pearls.

Sax and the over-60s

JAZZ

John Fordham

"I **REALISE** time is flying in my life," the great new jazz saxophonist Sonny Rollins said in 1998, when he was 66. "After a decade of being very careful about the work I do, now I want to play more while I can." In a whirlwind of a show at London's Barbican, he did just that.

Though he has learned from other great sax-players (notably Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Parker and Lester Young), and probably acquired some of his melodic subversiveness and unpredictability from his childhood friend Thelonious Monk, Rollins has been his own academy.

When Rollins goes to the edge, the audience laughs in astonishment at the switchbacks, crash stops, squabbling double-time flurries, cackling trills, jubilant inappropriate quotes and impetuous rhythmic distortions that make up his improvisations. There was a lot of that.

Rollins takes to the stage at a loping crouch, as if pacing a cage, and makes announcements in a fast, gravelly matter, as if he'd really prefer Miles Davis's late-career method of holding up signboards instead.

The opener was a typical two-tempo center, veering between a straight-ahead jazzy bustle and a funky release. After tantalising listeners by leaving the initial long solos to the shapely, but often subdued, methods of two-



Rollins: self taught by a genius

bonist Clifford Anderson, and an unexpectedly scintillating Stephen Scott on piano, Rollins declared his intentions with a tenor solo of scolding pace and spine-tugging high trills. He delivered the triumph of the night before the first half was out. His long, unaccompanied soliloquy, a showpiece of every performance, was a formidable display of his repertoire of resubbed bebop fragments, honks, drumbeat stutters, bag-pipe-like wails and miscellaneous conjurer's appetite for showing you the tube and hiding it immediately.

A stronger than usual mix of new pieces mingled with favourites. But it's always Rollins on his own that most revealingly lets you into his tumultuously vivid improviser's imagination. Fortunately, he still seethes in there.

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
May 3 1999

Coppola's welcome burst of rain

CINEMA

Richard Williams

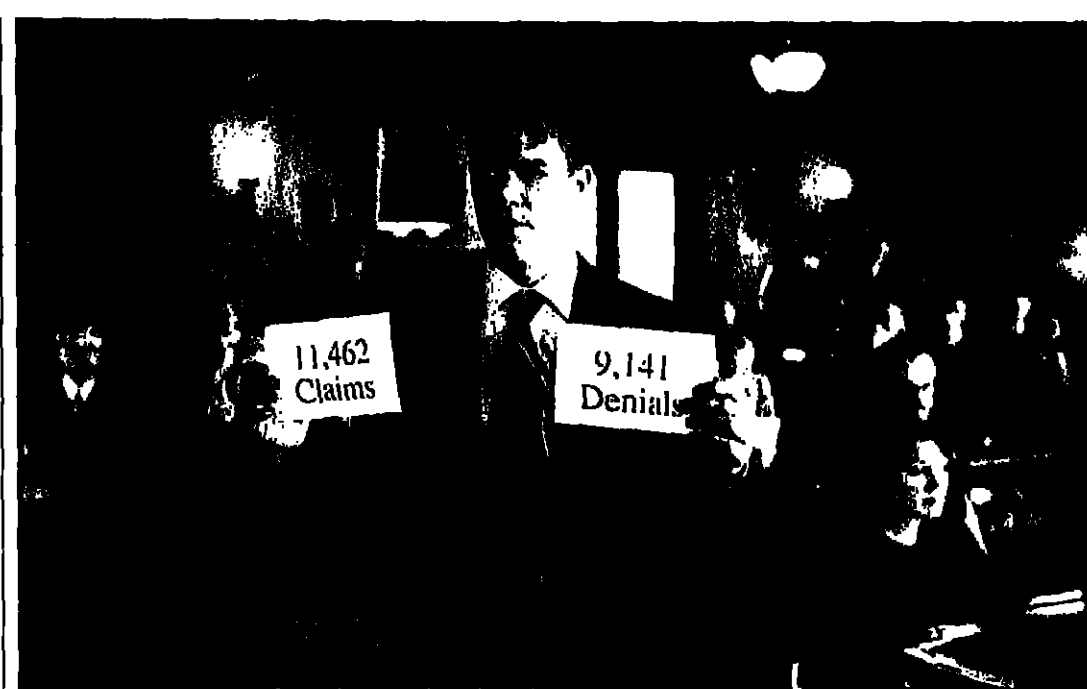
LAST week I went to a screening of *The Thief*, nominated for the best foreign film award at this year's Oscars. Afterwards the Russian director Pavel Chukhrai talked about the state of Russian cinema in the new era, and showed a polite but firm resentment of the way his country's screens are dominated by Hollywood product. Someone asked if there were any American films that he admired.

"You mean apart from the films of the thirties, forties and fifties, when the Americans were making a lot of good films," he replied. Then he paused. "I suppose I could say I liked the *Godfather* films," he added. "They seemed to contain most of the things cinema should have."

Who would argue with him? But Francis Ford Coppola's later output is a different matter, a succession of *films de grandeur*. So the appearance of *The Rainmaker*, a film as solid and useful as a good kitchen table, is an event to be welcomed.

Yet even here the questions seemed unending. This is the sixth of John Grisham's enormously popular novels to reach the screen, and none has managed to rise above the standing of competent entertainment. Somehow Coppola has found a way to reproduce Grisham's narrative drive while creating the moral

rich and complex without a moment's ponderousness, this is what used to be called a message film, aiming at two targets: cynical lawyers and crooked insurance companies. Matt Damon, hot from the success of *Good Will Hunting*, plays Rudy Baylor, an idealistic young law graduate who gets his foot on the professional ladder by joining a dodgy Memphis firm run by "Bruiser" Stone (Mickey Rourke).



Matt Damon as the idealistic young lawyer in Francis Ford Coppola's *The Rainmaker*

Stone teams Rudy with Deck Schiflet (Danny DeVito) — a sort of tight-knit duo who chase ambulances and prowls hospital corridors in the hope of persuading accident victims to sue for damages, on a 30 per cent commission.

Excellence comes at you from all directions, starting with Coppola's own screenplay. At every level, the acting is full of pleasure and surprise. DeVito stays true to his character's instincts, avoiding sanctimony when the tale's moral purpose becomes apparent. At last someone has found a decent film role for Mickey Rourke, who sports a silver pompadour and ruby cufflinks as big as pigeon's eggs with restrained relish. Claire Danes is a touching dishwater-blond wife. Matt Damon's embodiment of youthful integrity is given depth and texture by the older-and-wiser narration, and finds a perfect foil in

Jon Voight's narrow-eyed, florid-tongued bully.

The sixth film by the Hong Kong director Wong Kar-Wai maintains the visual quality of its predecessors, thanks to Wong's partnership with his cinematographer, Christopher Doyle. Some of its images — a viscous tide of blood on the tiles of an abattoir floor, the lattice-work of river bridges at dawn, a game of street football like a shadow ballet — are so polished in their beauty that they could have been taken from the many TV ads already influenced by Wong and his team. But *Happy Together* also turns out to be the most thoughtful and rewarding of his films, putting its look into a proper relationship with its other components.

In his first venture outside China, Wong tells the imprecise, unresolved story of two young men,

alienated and impecunious, who start together in Argentina. Once installed in a dingy apartment near the docks, they start to bicker and fight. Eventually they separate. Buenos Aires turns out to be not much different from home, but lacking the warmth of familiarity.

Doyle begins the film in black-and-white, with a road-movie sequence. That kind of rootless drift seems to be the state of mind that the two protagonists — Lai Yiu-Far (Tony Leung) and Ho Po-Wing (Leslie Cheung) — are after. But once they arrive in Buenos Aires the film starts to make a gradual transition from monochrome to colour, as if moving from a recollection of the past into real time, and mundane reality starts to shut down their dreams.

The Coen Brothers' *The Big Lebowski* trades the tautness that

won *Fargo* such acclaim for a loose, meandering outline that you'd be pushed to call a structure. It's a bunch of ideas shovelled into a bag and allowed to spill out at random. The film is infuriating, and will win no prizes. But it does have some terrific jokes.

Jeff Bridges, wearing Billy Connolly's discarded hair, is Jeff Lebowski, a dope-smoking old hippie known to the fellow members of his regular tempin bowling team — Walter (John Goodman), a Vietnam veteran, and the terminally ineffectual Donny (Steve Buscemi) — as the Dude.

Unfortunately for him, he shares his given name with a millionaire whose bimbo wife has been running up debts. When a gang of hoodlums call to collect, the Dude is drawn into a web involving the millionaire's conceptual-artist daughter (Julianne Moore in a dominatrix outfit) and a hopeless bunch of would-be desperados.

The closer the film stays to the bowling alley, the better it is. Unfortunately we are swept away from this agreeable mini-universe into a series of fantasy sequences which probably cost a lot but achieve only the destruction of any shred of narrative coherence. But great swathes of fabulously silly dialogue make the time pass pleasantly enough.

US Marshals is the sequel to *The Fugitive*, for which Tommy Lee Jones won the best supporting actor Oscar as the leader of an epic manhunt. This time his quarry is Wesley Snipes, as a secret agent framed for multiple murder to prevent him uncovering a threat to national security. But for all the expensive noise and bother it fails to build real tension.

Kate Nelligan has her best screen part in years as the marshal's boss, but Jones himself can't find the right response to her sexual electricity. Poor Irene Jacob wears a little black dress very prettily, but otherwise repeats the minor disaster she experienced in *Incognito* a few months ago. Her agent should get her back to Europe, pronto.

A showbusiness career to die for

TELEVISION

Nancy Banks-Smith

ELMER McCURDY, the Oklahoma Outlaw (Timewatch, BBC2), was a bandit of quite extravagant ineptitude. When he blew a safe, he used so much nitroglycerine that 4,000 silver dollars melted and fused to the safe. When he held up a train, it was the wrong one. (Elmer will be our guide through the merry hell of how to make a quick buck. Like Virgil in Dante's *Inferno*, but much more entertaining.)

The train robbery yielded a watch and some whisky. You suspect that his partners in crime were disaffected by this meagre haul. The sheriff soon turned up on a tip-off at the farm where Elmer was working for Charlie, a Red Indian with a glass eye.

When the posse arrived, he was in the corn crib collecting eggs to scramble for Charlie's cats. (You must force yourself to believe all this. It will get harder.)

Elmer asked Charlie to get the whisky, climb in the corn crib and have a last drink with him. Charlie, as brave as he was kind, did so and they finished the bottle. (Sixty years later a coroner was struck by the amount of whisky he found in the

body.) Elmer came out shooting. Like all his recorded actions, this was not a good idea.

There are Oklahomans still alive and sprightly who remember the noise of that shoot-out. It must be a healthy state. Depending, of course, Elmer's embalmed body lay unclaimed in the funeral parlour, mummifying in the prairie air. The mortician's son would put roller skates on him and take him for a spin.

One day carnival folk arrived, claiming to be relatives. Captain Harvey Boswell is among the last of this dying breed. A typhoon darn near flattened his bon constrictor, and his mummy — a nightclub singer killed by a jealous boyfriend — fell victim to political correctness. Though she wears big, bright blue bloomers, and you can't get much more correct than that.

Freak shows gave way to films. Louis Sonney, a showman who now owned Elmer, noticed how much better Duane Eper was doing down the road with a movie called *The Seventh Commandment* ("Don't monkey with another guy's wife," as his son, Dan, put it).

He and Duane went into partnership making cheap and lurid movies like *Maniac* (changed to *Sex Maniac* to buck up business). "Get into town quick. Get out before the cops

come." Much like outlaws, really.

Elmer appeared as a film extra in one such movie, *She Freak*. "He was behind the actress geeking it up with the snakes and the skeleton. She was a nice girl. Yes, indeed, a very nice girl. She owned a chain of ladies' ready-to-wear shops called *Sassy Pants*. (It is superbly implausible contributions like this that make *The Oklahoma Outlaw* the rich and spicy dish it is.)

Somewhat typically, Elmer's role was left on the cutting room floor. One day Dan Sonney saved off Elmer's arm to goose his secretary, Bea, an exceptionally proper lady. His rowdy cowboy outfit is now in a Korean Presbyterian Church, as his daughter told us, waggling eloquent Groucho eyebrows.

Elmer was sold in a job-lot to the Hollywood Wax Museum. The owner, Spoony Singh, a Sikh who used to be a Canadian lumberjack, was taken back by his appearance ("He wasn't a big man anyhow, and mummified... I can't see anyone looking very good") and sold him out to the Laff In The Dark ghost train. He was painted Day-Glo and hung in the tunnel.

As producer Jonathan Gill's gentle commentary put it, there was no one left to remember he was human.

This documentary was a geologi-

cal slice through a century of American showbusiness. It was television, child of the fairground and the films, that found Elmer.

A set dresser, working on location with *The Six Million Dollar Man*, saw him glowing in the dark, his remaining arm modestly covering his crotch. "It looked awful real to me. So I went over to move the arm and see if he'd any genitals, which he wouldn't have if he had been in papier mâché, and there indeed they were. Shrivelled a bit but there."

It was the last proof that this was a man. The former LA coroner, Dr Naguchi, is a man who plumes himself on the celebrity of his corpses. "Marilyn Monroe, Natalie Wood, William Holden. I was one time called Coroner to the Stars." He specified that this highly mobile cadaver should be buried under concrete.

But Oklahomans arrived in 10-gallon hats to claim their own. They did Elmer proud: A black hearse, white lilies, ranchers' on horses clinking with silver. "There was no laughing and clowning around. We treated this outlaw just like he was a friend of ours." They buried him with all the other outlaws. Tom Capers, killed in a crap game. Little Dick West. Charlie Pearce, eternally misspelled on his gravestone as Desperado.

All a little lower than the good folk on the hill.

Spit and polish of a dame

DAME EDNA EVERAGE

Phil Deauost

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, my Aussie friend tells me as we wait for curtain-up at London's Theatre Royal, Barry Humphries was centrefold of a shellies magazine called *Cleo*. He was leaning against a tree, she thinks, with just a snake to hide his bits. Her tone suggests a grass snake, or whatever passes for one Down Under.

By the end of New Edna — The Spectacle, she's had second thoughts. It was a *python*, she says breathlessly.

This is Humphries's first West End spectacular for 10 years, and he is in marvellous spiky form. The first half of the show, which Humphries wrote, is essentially a musical. Let's call it *Dame Edna Everage* — The Early Years. With modern-day Edna forced into regression therapy after being caught shoplifting, we are introduced to a distant ancestor called Little Edna (11-year-old Lucy Hayden). Victimised because of her hair colour ("It's not purple," she maintains, "It's wisteria"), she is sent to Australia for gladioli-related offences. Her descendants will later insist she was a tourist.

Fast forward to the 1950s. Young

Edna (Penelope Woodman) is growing up with Mum when she is discovered by a young Rupert Murdoch. The rest is history. "Who cares if critics call you kitsch, dear," Young Edna's mum used to sing. "One day you'll be so filthy rich, dear. One day, you'll be a... star." President or what? There are jokes that were old when Carry On walked the earth. But the songs are a smutty scream. Bookending this musical extravaganza are standup slots: a welcoming scene with Sir Les Patterson, and most of the second half with Edna herself.

Humphries is terrifying as Patterson, either belching



and spraying the front rows with drink and saliva (take a brolly, rows A to G) or harassing the women: "Last time I saw a face like that, it had a hook in it."

Edna's savage tongue, meanwhile, reaches most conceivable comedic crannies. As well as claiming to run the prostate concession in the Millennium Dome's giant body, she tells a story about an estranged daughter who raises pili-bulls: "There was white hair everywhere. You'd drop a chocolate cake; you'd pick up a chocolate slice." But it's the audience who are the biggest bulls. After a show of concern for parents who've left their children at home, she phones one couple's baby-sitter to check she is being fed and paid. In a seat-wetting swipe at middle-class pretensions (Edna, of course, comes from "quality"), she puts another poor soul through the wringer for living in a "town house" in "Customs House". After forcing her to admit that this is a semi near Canning Town, she moves on to the kids. "What are their names?" she asks. "Celine and Aidan."

"Boys or girls, dear?" As she told the baby-sitter, "You may not be aware of this, dear, but the rest of your life is going to be an anti-climax."

Dame Edna Everage reaches most conceivable comic crannies

With a spring in the step

DANCE

Judith Mackrell

SPRING LOADED, the annual showcase for new choreography at the Place Theatre in London, is the dance equivalent of the poetry bookshop. Year after year, it displays the work of artists who wouldn't get room elsewhere. And even though each season usually boasts some award-winning names — like Javier de Frutos, who is currently appearing — The Place never promotes its celebs at the expense of good but unsung work.

Like Russell Maliphant, one of Britain's loveliest dancers who prefers to show himself in the modest but pure light of his own small solos and duets. As one of those rare performers who's successfully crossed from ballet to the more meditative styles of contact improvisation and release, he's extraordinarily pleasurable to watch.

Basically he's both classicalist and sensualist. In this single, fluent curve of a phrase, he not only makes you share the intimacy of physical sensation — luxuriating in a lazy stretch of the arm or a deep twist of the

torso — but also communicates the sharp intellectual pleasure of a perfectly proportioned shape or a deftly inflected rhythm.

His new solo is functionally and almost self-deprecatingly called *Shift*, and it originates from the tiniest transitions — a small corkcrewing motion of the wrist or a sweet torquing of the lower back. But as he makes slow progress across the stage, these tiny gestures slot into an intricate, beautiful mosaic of movement, which is not only duplicated by his own shadow as it dances attendance at the back of the stage but also cuts loose in suddenly grand and resonant loops of dance.

Maliphant's second work, *Critical Mass*, is a duet for him and another gifted dancer, Robert Tansdon, who takes the stage in a tangle of wills. The choreography is a power game in which every duck and dive of the closely twinned bodies is an attempt to dominate the space.

It is furious and reflex fast, but then in the middle section it unpredictably relaxes into a truce, and the two sway and fly around the stage, grinding mischievously before hostilities are resumed. Again Maliphant proves he's a poet of few but very fine effects.

Handwritten note: "The 1st of 1.16.11"

Soviet by design

Robert Service

The Rise and Fall of the Soviet Empire: Political Leaders from Lenin to Gorbachev
by Dmitri Volkogonov
HarperCollins 572pp £24.99

IN THE last years before he died in 1924, Lenin analysed the underpinnings of his Soviet communist regime. He was much exercised by "leaderology". What part, he asked himself, would his fellow leaders be able to play after his death in shoring up the regime?

All his writings displayed a recognition that the communist seizure of power in October 1917 was not the exclusive result of his performance as a leader. Other factors too had an impact. Russia was being defeated in the first world war, and her economy and administration had turned into a shambles. The Provisional Government could not solve the problems of the country. The workers, peasants and soldiers formed their own soviets and trade unions, and turned to the socialist parties. In the end the most extreme of these parties, the communists, won the chances on offer and overturned the Provisional Government.

Quickly an extraordinary kind of state was founded. It was a one-party and one-ideology dictatorship that set out to replace every uncommitted institution with its own and was willing to apply terror liberally against its citizens. It lasted not just a dozen years, like Hitler's Nazi dictatorship, but for more than seven decades.

It is to be welcomed that publishers are translating books by Russians about the history of the Soviet Union. But what needs to be appreciated, too, is that most of the authors as yet translated are storytellers of a particular type. They focus wholly on the leaders. They overlook broader conceptions of politics. They are but dimly aware of economics. They are bored by sociological and cultural aspects, and they pay no mind to nationhood

and religion. Their purpose is to show that Russia's recent past is simple to understand.

Dmitri Volkogonov was, until his death in 1995, the prime exponent of such writing. He was a former chief propagandist in the Main Political Directorate in the Soviet Army. His opinions were as hard as a glacier at any moment, but very fluid over the duration of his life. Starting out as a Stalinist, he successively became a Leninist, a Gorbachevite and a Yeltsinite. His books were written to a template. Having decided what he wanted to say about a subject, he sent his researchers off to find corroboration. He chose his Seven Leaders (as this book was originally titled) from Lenin to Gorbachev in order to indict them as uniformly nasty pieces of work serving a nasty ideology in a nasty regime.

Volkogonov has picked up some juicy morsels in the archives. They are the best things in the book. And as the book passes beyond the 1950s, Volkogonov's touch gets surer since he was acquainted with the leaders in question.

Yet Volkogonov presses his case so hard that it becomes a puzzle how the regime came to last so long. For Lenin was not just a terrorist, he also genuinely believed that he was building a perfect society. Khrushchev, violent as he had been in the 1930s, had a crude but authentic commitment to bringing about decent material conditions. Gorbachev made mistakes, was devoted and talked differently in public from the way he plotted in the Politburo; but he also learned as he went along and, despite his about-turns, he held to the process of democratisation.

The leaders had more to them than the latest pickings from the archives reveal. This is not to let the leaders off the hook. It is essential to examine them in all their facets as well as to attend to the more general history of the USSR if we are to understand the "rise and fall of the Soviet empire".



Pauline Melville... her dual perspective gives the stories a discomfiting edge

The mischief of Melville

Maya Jaggi

The Mischief of Melville
by Pauline Melville
Bloomsbury 200pp £15.99

PAULINE MELVILLE, who won the Whitbread first novel award for *The Ventriquist's Tale*, slips a sly allegory about writing to please into her sparkling new collection of stories. In *The Fable of the Two Silver Pens*, a writer's gift from a loved one spurs her to write with "energy and truth", while an identical prize pen spawns fictions "polished but false". She concludes with a philosophical conundrum: with which pen is she writing the fable?

Melville's cool and mischievous eye, and her relish for language and ideas, are manifest across the dazzling span of these stories. Ricocheting between Guyana and Europe, they range in mood from the tragic sombreness of a woman helping a friend through terminal breast cancer, to the comic ebullience of the

jilted Mrs Da Silva's therapeutic jaunt to the Notting Hill carnival.

In one, a steeplejack and his mates out for a night of cabaret, politely wind up a screenwriter ("How much do they pay you for sitting down all day trying to get an idea?"). The arrest of the drunken Dave, his arms locked with flanking policemen as he lurchingly trips, recovers and breaks into a rendition of "We're off to see the Wizard", is one of many sublimely comic moments.

Melville's skill in embodying the history of ideas in earthy metaphors peaks in *The Parrot and Descartes*, where a grouching 17th century Orinoco parrot croaks bathetic asides as the age of reason dawns, and "confession, word of mouth, rumour, gossip, chatlines and oratory all lost their place in the hierarchy of power".

The migrating ghosts are as often symbols as spirits. A deposed South American despot Baldwin Hercules — a "lampey-pampey sneak" and ruthless king of racial politics — is condemned to outlive his own state

funeral after his deputy announces his "death" on the operating table.

A constant duality of perspective — between Europe and an impoverished periphery, urbanites and savannah Amerindians, rationality and spirituality — lends many of these stories their discomfiting edge. They capture moments of heightened awareness while revealing in the mundane and the colloquial — as when a group of Guyanese watch the televised funeral of British royalty before the inevitable power cut — "People's Princess, my arse."

In *The Duende*, Dona Rosita, an Andalusian widow who has spent 50 black-clad years fashioning "slow-moving glaciers of lace", revisits a girlhood yearning for the flamenco. Her spectral advent in the taberna evokes the duende — "a gust of air, an irrepressible instant; a ghost suddenly appears and vanishes and the world is reborn".

At their best, Melville's stories are unapologetically fix such ghostly epiphanies, with a wit and a prose to savour.

Fitzgerald deals with marriage and childbirth in the New Zealand of the early settlers. She did not grow up there, and has lately been hailed in London as "a very English genius", there can have been no doubts as to her eligibility to appear here.

There are anthologies which are representative, and others which are personal. This one is distinctly personal. It resembles one of those centos from two centuries ago — passages of other people's writing sewn together by a single hand or circle of friends. It's all the better for its themes and correspondences, its "threads of connection and contrast".

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He dreamed, in the drab provincial town of Posslemuir, of visiting Africa, and now, in the seventies,

life is liable to leave him looking more like a Caliban than an Ariel.

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
May 3 1998

Exile from Pudding Island

John Spurling

The Art of Hedonism
by Gordon Bowker
Pimco 480pp £15

Lawrence Durrell: A Biography
by Ian MacNiven
Faber 801pp £25

LYRIC poet and poetic travel-writer, intricately colourful and steamy novelist, Mediterranean hedonist, ribald, convivial, sexually and intellectually voracious expatriate from respectable England (which he called "Pudding Island") — Lawrence Durrell has always embodied my ideal of the writer's life.

The most remarkable thing about him was that he did more or less succeed in living this myth. It was only in old age that his third wife's death, the toll of friends' deaths (he kept a "map" of them), the suicide of one of his two daughters, the isolation imposed by his fame and, above all, alcoholic self-disgust brought him low.

It is particularly hard to be true to people of this sort — performers as much as writers — in a biography. The sully-gritty record of Durrell's

life is liable to leave him looking more like a Caliban than an Ariel.

Born in India in 1912, the eldest child of a railway engineer, Durrell went through the usual ordeal of the imperial middle-classer: dumped at a tender age in Pudding Island to be educated. But when he was 15 his father died suddenly and the rest of his immediate family rejoined him in England, until deciding, in 1935, with the recently married Lawrence and his wife, to go and live in Corfu.

His youngest brother Gerald's best-selling and partly fictional account of this adventure, *My Family and Other Animals* (1957), in which Lawrence is the comic, romantic hero, gave a further fillip to Durrell's personal myth. Durrell's first novel was published in the year he moved to Corfu and his second the year after.

Meanwhile he had read Henry Miller's shocking *Tropic of Cancer* and written excitedly to the author: "It really gets down on paper the blood and bowels of our time."

His subsequent friendship with Miller and Anais Nin, which lasted the rest of their lives, and the publication of his own overwritten "shocker", *The Black Book*, set him

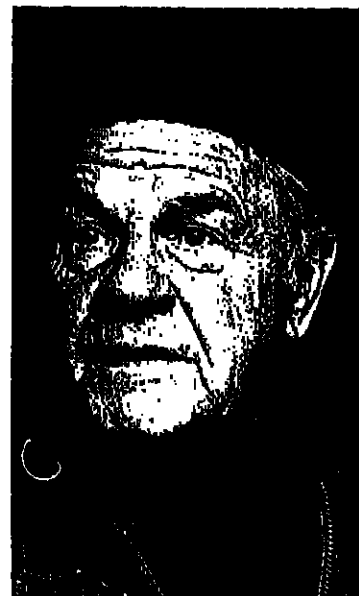
on course for his life's "performance" as expatriate libertine.

Nevertheless the highly respectable T S Eliot was as important to the development of Durrell's writing as Henry Miller. For although Durrell eventually drank excessively, married four times, slept with innumerable women — the more, it seems, the older he became — and sometimes treated them violently, he never entirely parted company with the solidity and sense of responsibility to which he was bred.

During the war he worked as a press attaché for the British Foreign Office in Alexandria, afterwards in Rhodes and Yugoslavia as well as for the British Council in Argentina and the British Colonial Government in Cyprus.

He could be generous, but was habitually careful with money. He liked acquiring houses and altering them to his taste and he was ebulliently gregarious. He once calculated that he had met 10,000 people in the previous 10 years. His friend Patrick Leigh Fermor described him as "a man who pumped the oxygen garden into the air".

Gordon Bowker's biography was first published two years ago and



Durrell lived the mythic ideal of the writer's life but is poorly served by his official biographer

now returns in a revised paperback edition. Ian MacNiven's was authorised by Durrell himself in 1978, 12 years before his death, and has received assistance from Durrell's estate and the permission to quote from Durrell's works — which was denied to Bowker.

Given that MacNiven's print is smaller and his book much fatter,

his text is possibly twice as long. If biographies were battleships, Bowker's should be blown out of the water by the arrival of the authorised version.

But the sad truth is that the man picked by Durrell has done him little service. On the contrary, he has smothered his "oxygen" with a mass of pettifoggish detail, brought out his narcissism and braggadocio at the expense of his humour and sharp originality as both observer and poet, and buried his defining relationships in a buzzing concourse of acquaintanceships.

Durrell, MacNiven tells us, thought of his books "rounding out into a sort of autobiographical whole one day" and "wanted his autobiography to be interior, a life of the spirit, a life in disguise". Yet this biography is the exact opposite, a painstaking life of the body from which the spirit has fled.

One returns with relief to Bowker, whose style is too workaday and occasionally clumsy to do full justice to such a master of ornate writing and romantic colour, but who shapes and paces the story with care and attempts — no easy task with the later novels — to analyse the work and its meaning.

MacNiven makes me wonder what I ever saw in Durrell; Bowker sends me back to read him again and find out.

Supping with the devil

Paul Bailey

Tristram of Scotland
by Giles Foden
Pimco 330pp £9.99

NICHOLAS Garrigan, the narrator of Giles Foden's ambitious first novel, is a young doctor who finds himself in Uganda at the beginning of Idi Amin's reign of terror. He is working in a run-down clinic in Mbarara, when he is called upon to tend the dictator, who has hit a cow with his car and sprained his wrist in the process. Seeing Idi Amin sprawled by the roadside, Garrigan is struck by the sheer bulk of the man. "Even on his back he was physically dominating. I felt as if I were encountering a being out of Greek myth — except, I must confess, for his smell, which was a much milder mixture of beer and sweat."

This near-farical meeting is the prelude to the peculiar, awkward relationship between the unimaginative media and the self-dramatising tyrant that is the book's principal concern. Some months later, Garrigan receives a letter from the Minister of Health, appointing him to the post of President Amin's personal physician. Garrigan voices a little resistance to the idea, but is soon persuaded into accepting the job.

He leaves Mbarara, where he has been involved in an unsatisfactory affair with Sara Zach, an Israeli who has had to flee Uganda, and moves to the capital, Kampala. He is given a bungalow in the grounds of one of Amin's many houses, as well as a "gleaming office" with bookshelves crammed with copies of the *Lancet*.

By any standards of dullness, Nicholas Garrigan is dull indeed. He could be described as the ultimate anti-hero. The son of a strict Presbyterian minister and his loyal wife, Nicholas learned to be wary of expressing his thoughts and feelings and lived, adventurously, in his head throughout his boyhood.

He dreamed, in the drab provincial town of Posslemuir, of visiting Africa, and now, in the seventies,

that dream has reached fruition. "You are as set for damnation as a rat in a trap," his father once predicted, and here he is, supping with the devil, checking the devil's pulse, obeying the devil's commands.

It is brave of Giles Foden to entrust the narrative to this ineffectual and emotionally stunted man, but there are times when that bravery seems both obtuse and misguided. Garrigan is not especially observant of the people he has dealings with. Potentially interesting men and women are accounted for in terms of their physical appearance, which is often all he appears to notice. The reasons behind Sara's brusqueness are not investigated, and Marina Perkins, the tempting wife of the British ambassador, is scarcely more than the cup size of her bra. In a novella, these short cuts to characterisation would not be quite so disconcerting, but in a work of 300 closely printed pages they suggest a failure, or reluctance, to explore beneath the surface.

Foden has resisted the easy temptation to have his Idi Amin play for laughs, with the result that Idi exists here in his complex and multi-faceted vainglory. "In one alarming scene Idi is seen talking slyly but sincerely to the severed head of a once-treasured citizen."

Foden's Idi is a startlingly interesting creation. He has the measure of the despot's "wicked brilliance". Foden, via Garrigan, catches him on the hop, and almost gives him the last, implausible word. But it is Garrigan we end with, about to rescue his honeysuckle from the winds that plague the Western Isles, like Candide making his garden grow. The last king of Scotland, alas Idi Amin, is in Saudi Arabia, a distant but haunting presence that Garrigan will never forget or understand.

This is the story of a murderous shit told by a self-pitying shit, and that may be the point of the exercise. If it is the point, it isn't enough. Another dimension — the one that functions beyond Garrigan's intelligence — is missing.

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Short stories that are for ever England

Karl Miller

The Oxford Book of English Short Stories
edited by A S Byatt
Oxford 439pp £19.99

VIRGINIA WOOLF once mentioned, with a hint of displeasure, that Katherine Mansfield's husband had been saying that "the most distinguished writers of short stories" in the England of the twenties were agreed about Mansfield's importance as a practitioner of the art. Many others have felt that way. But Mansfield is not to be found in this Oxford Book. Insufficiently English, one supposes, since she grew up in New Zealand. Doris Lessing, however, who grew up in Southern Rhodesia, was considered for selection, before being left out. In terms of patriality — the criterion of descent which is employed for the admission to Britain of some Commonwealth immigrants — there can hardly have been much to choose between them. Angus Wilson and Arnold Bennett are also absent, though not on grounds of nationality. A S Byatt is not among the more predictable anthologists. She "decided to be stringent"

about the definition of Englishness, and it was no accident that her collection is published on St George's day. "It is not quite nice to think about being English," she writes. But she has done so. She took her assignment to "mean looking very narrowly for writers with pure English national credentials". She didn't go searching for English images, and steered herself against preconceptions concerning English styles and subject matter. Nevertheless the result is a collection that shows "English empiricism, pragmatism, starkness, humour, satire, dandyism, horror and whimsy". And English teeth. It is the false teeth in an Aldous Huxley story which make it "implacably comic; and yet it is also the teeth that provide the unpalatable pathos. Very English".

The definition has its problems, but it can't be considered perverse. There are plenty of books of Scots, Welsh and Irish stories, and it would appear England has been stunted, if not starved, in this respect. Antonia Byatt goes about her project with gusto. There are a number of realist stories — including an excellent one by Alan Silitoe about a boy's simultaneous desertion by both parents — together with a

fondness for the grotesque and the fantastic.

This is a well-crafted anthology which throws out a web of echoes and coincidences. The Dickens item plays with the idea of forming a seraglio, and is followed by a Trollope which does the same: the narrator feels "as though I were a sort of Mohammed in Paradise".

Byatt has ranged widely for her specimens and come up with unfamiliar ones. The arrival of the English short story is dated early in the 19th century, and she leads off with two tales of the time which not everyone may like as much as she does. The first is a flight of fancy by William Gilbert, father of Sullivan's collaborator, about a pious fraud, a pig and an imp. The second, by Dickens, is a garrulous piece written as a preface for a series of tales of the supernatural, which looks vulnerable here.

The third of the 37 stories is a find. This is the Trollope, about two pairs of purloined trousers. A plump Anglican priest visits a Belgian museum where he finds the pantaloons of a war hero, having shed his own. The narrator's seraglio of happy English gentlemen seizes the prebendary's pants and slices them

up for souvenirs. This canonical farce has the air of a ritual castration. It also suggests that the abusive British tourist of recent years has 19th century forebears.

Elsewhere, men get their own back. Charlotte Mew's saintly girl is buried alive by some of those Spanish monks who behave so badly in Gothic romance. T H White's story is set within the Arctic Circle in a hotel. A troll — at other times outwardly a professor — is spied through a keyhole making a meal of his wife. Next day, the manageress says a guest has been bereaved.

"The poor Dr Professor has disappeared his wife," as she puts it. Another woman vanishes in "Solid Geometry" by Ian McEwan. Here, a man removes a spouse by geometric and gymnastic magic. McEwan walks this tightrope without a falter. The marriage stories include Thomas Hardy's continuously surprising account of an impressive West Country girl who doesn't like schoolteaching, sets off to wed an older man and marries an old flame instead. The bride is her own woman, but a far cry from the independent New Woman of the period. This story goes well with Malachi Whitaker's portrayal of love and marriage at first sight, all in the day's work of a train journey north from King's Cross. A fine Penelope

Fitzgerald deals with marriage and childbirth in the New Zealand of the early settlers. She did not grow up there, and has lately been hailed in London as "a very English genius", there can have been no doubts as to her eligibility to appear here.

There are anthologies which are representative, and others which are personal. This one is distinctly personal. It resembles one of those centos from two centuries ago — passages of other people's writing sewn together by a single hand or circle of friends. It's all the better for its themes and correspondences, its "threads of connection and contrast".

Handwritten note: "The first 1500"

30 SPORT

Football Premiership: Barnsley 0 Arsenal 2

Flying Dutchmen sustain title roll

Paul Wilson at Oakwell

DANNY WILSON admitted to placing a small wager on Arsenal for the Premiership title at the start of the season, so while he must have been disappointed by this result it cannot have come as a total surprise.

"I felt the skill and experience throughout their squad would make them champions," the Barnsley manager said. He saw nothing last Saturday to make him reconsider that opinion. For all his commendable optimism in support of his own players, Wilson has been in football too long not to realise that skill and experience will usually prove decisive, and sure enough the ever-eager Tykes were undone — almost literally, as it happened — by a touch of class.

Dennis Bergkamp, the usual suspect when touch or class is under discussion, flattened Oakwell's self-confidence with a sublime 23rd-minute goal. "The execution was perfect, but Arsenal are a class act, simple as that," Wilson said. "They don't just have ability, their work-rate is terrific as well. They are getting better and better."

Before kick-off, a home supporter in the main stand held up a banner proclaiming simply: "We are Premier League." It is impossible to argue: Barnsley have been far from a disgrace in the elite this season, even if this result puts a time limit on their membership. But the point is that Oakwell is straining every sinew just to stand still.

Arsenal, by contrast, are reaching

for the glittering prizes. It is not just a matter of the Cup and League double, but also the fact that no fewer than eight of their side are looking forward to the World Cup in the summer, as opposed to an unwanted drop into the Nationwide League.

Even the three exceptions — David Platt, Lee Dixon and Nigel Winterburn — are internationals, with more than a smattering of experience between them. Such a surplus of savvy, especially when allied to the consistency and confidence Arsenal are displaying at the moment, was bound to tell in the end.

Or in the 23rd minute. Predictably, Barnsley had got among their opponents from the off, to the extent that Emmanuel Petit and Winterburn were booked within minutes of each other for getting their retaliation in first. But with David Watson and David Seaman both making saves in the opening quarter, neither side had managed to establish superiority before Bergkamp arrived with the match-winning moment.

Receiving the ball from Petit, the Dutchman simply turned past two opponents, looked up to see Watson fractionally off his line and out of position, and curled a right-foot shot around the goalkeeper to find the net in front of the Gunners' travelling support. By Bergkamp standards it was a fairly routine piece of work, but it left Barnsley defenders looking at each other with a mixture of bewilderment and envy.

Instantly the contest altered, with Barnsley obliged to chase the game



Two of a kind... Bergkamp celebrates Arsenal's opening goal with fellow Dutchman Overmars

against a team famous for defending 1-0 leads. Perhaps, in fairness to the new Arsenal, it should simply be stated that Arsène Wenger's players are good at defending. One has to go all the way back to mid-January, after all, to recall the last time the Gunners trailed in a Premiership game, never mind lost one.

Arsenal are not bad at attacking these days, either. This was their eighth straight League win, equalling a club record dating back to the first world war, and they were never in danger. Though Barnsley gave Seaman a couple of anxious moments after Bergkamp's goal, it was only a matter of time before the visitors took advantage of their hosts' desperation and increased their lead.

Quite a long time, in fact, for although Arsenal could easily have been two or three up by the interval,

and should have had at least as many in the second period, they made their supporters wait until the 76th minute before Arsenal's other Dutchman, Marc Overmars, made the game safe by putting a low shot under Watson.

The game was up for the home side who, thanks to Bolton's unexpected win at Villa, now no longer even look like the team most likely to clamber out of the bottom three.

The admirably competitive Neil Redfearn saw a shot clear the bar by inches eight minutes from the end, and right at the death substitute John Hendrie beat Seaman only to see his effort drift the wrong side of an upright. But the near-miss looks like being the story of Barnsley's season. "They have the quality to stay in the Premiership, but not the time," said Wenger.

Results

FA CUP PREMIERSHIP:
Aston Villa 1, Bolton 3; Barnsley 0, Arsenal 2; Blackburn Rovers 0, Wimbledon 0; Chelsea 4, Liverpool 1; Crystal Palace 0, Man Utd 2; Derby County 0, Leicester City 4; Everton 1, Sheffield Wednesday 3; Leeds United 3, Coventry City 3; Tottenham Hotspur 2, Newcastle Utd 0; West Ham 2, Southampton 4.
Leading Position: 1, Arsenal (played 34-points 72); 2, Manchester United (36-71); 3, Chelsea (35-63).

NATIONWIDE LEAGUE:
Division One: Bury 0, Ipswich 1; Charlton 2, Tranmere 0; Crewe 5, Bradford 0; Man City 2, QPR 2; Norwich 5, Swindon 0; Notts Forest 1, Reading 0; Oxford 0, Birmingham 2; Portsmouth 3, Huddersfield 0; Sheffield Utd 2, WBA 4; Sunderland 3, Stoke 0; Wolves 3, Stockport 4.
Leading Position: 1, Notts Forest (45-58); 2, Sunderland (44-67); 3, Charlton (45-57).

Division Two: Blackpool 1, Bristol Rovers 0; Bournemouth 2, Burnley 1; Brentford 2, York 2; Bristol City 2, Wexham 1; Carlisle 1, York 2; Northampton 1, Fulham 0; Oldham 2, Southend 0; Plymouth 0, Gillingham 1; Watford 0, Grimsby 0; Wrexham 0, Preston 0; Wycombe 1, Chesterfield 1.
Leading Position: 1, Bristol City (45-58); 2, Watford (44-62); 3, Grimsby (45-73).

Division Three: Barnet 0, Mansfield 1; Brighton 2, Hull 2; Cambridge 2, Notts County 2; Colchester 1, Leyton 0; Darlington 2, Lincoln 2; Hartlepool 2, Cardiff 0; Macclesfield 3, Chester 2; Rotherham 2, Rochdale 2; Scarborough 0, Shrewsbury 0; Southport 2, Exeter 1; Swanssea 0, Doncaster 0; Torquay 1, Gillingham 1.
Leading Position: 1, Notts County (45-59); 2, Macclesfield (45-79); 3, Torquay (45-74).

BELL'S SCOTTISH LEAGUE:
Premier Division: Celtic 0, Hibernian 0; Dundee Utd 0, St Johnstone 2; Hearts 0, Rangers 3; Falkirk 0, Aberdeen 1; Motherwell 1, Dunfermline 3.
Leading Position: 1, Celtic (34-70); 2, Rangers (34-69); Hearts (34-63).

First Division: Falkirk 1, Dundee 0; Motherwell 1, Partick 0; Hamilton 0, Raith 0; Stirling 1, St Mirren 0; Aberdeen 1.
Leading Position: 1, Dundee (34-76); 2, Falkirk (34-62); 3, Raith (34-57).

Second Division: Brechin 1, Forth 1; Cove 2, Clydebank 0; East Fife 0, Inverness CT 1; Livingston 1, Stenhousemuir 1; Queen's Park 2, Stranraer 2.
Leading Position: 1, Livingston (34-56); 2, Clydebank (34-58); 3, Stranraer (34-55).

Third Division: Albion 1, Queens Park 2; Airdrie 5, Stirling 2; Arbroath 4, Motherwell 2; Dumfries 0, Brechin 2; Ross County 1, Cowdenbeath 0.
Leading Position: 1, Albion (34-70); 2, Arbroath (33-63); 3, Ross County (34-51).

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
May 3 1998

Athletics London Marathon

McKiernan fulfils great expectations

Duncan MacKay

EVEN with thousands of dollars in prize-money on the line there was proof in the London Marathon last Sunday that the Olympic ideal lives on as Ireland's Catherina McKiernan and Spain's Abel Anton secured dramatic victories. Both were first to break the tape down The Mall in their respective races but only after receiving important advice from their chief rivals.

McKiernan admitted she was panicking as Mexico's Adriana Fernandez and Romania's Lidia Simon stretched their early lead to 95 seconds at 16 miles. "I told Catherina not to let the gap between her and Simon grow too much because she's a class athlete," said Liz McColgan, who finished second.

Anton, meanwhile, was running together with Portugal's Antonio Pinto to try to catch Morocco's Abdelkader El Mouaziz in the last three miles when the defending champion told him to work alone. "I wasn't feeling good, so I told Abel to go ahead," Pinto said.

McColgan's advice sent McKiernan into overdrive, picking up the pace so dramatically that she easily turned the huge deficit into a 28-minute victory over the Scot in 2hr 23min 44sec. McKiernan, runner-up in the second consecutive year, missed her personal best by two seconds to finish in 2:26:54.

McKiernan, aged 28, finished in a mess after suffering gastric problems from 15 miles onwards. The Irishwoman was so embarrassed by

her difficulties she did not follow the blue line on the road denoting the shortest route because she wanted to avoid the television cameras. "The legs were all right but the stomach was rattling," she said.

Such incidents are not unprecedented among London Marathon winners. Steve Jones suffered similar problems back in 1985 when he had to answer the call of nature at 23 miles but still set a course record. Joe Doonan, McKiernan's coach, praised his athlete's courage: "It's a measure of the kid, she had to live through that and still went on to win," he said.

McKiernan was relieved to claim the victory for other reasons. Since becoming the fastest debutante over the classic 26.2-mile distance with her 2:23:44 victory in Berlin last autumn she has had to live with huge expectations. "There's been a lot of hype," she said. "All the bus shelters in Ireland have had pictures of me advertising this race and there's been a lot in the Irish press."

Hopes that McKiernan might challenge the Kenyan Tegla Loroupe's week-old world record of 2:20:47 ended within the opening two miles when she did not follow the pacemakers as they pulled away, dragging Fernandez with them. But, having struck out on her own for the last 10 miles, McKiernan showed world record potential. Running on her toes like a track athlete, she passed Fernandez and Simon in the 21st mile after completing a 5:15 mile.

McColgan, too, battled stomach problems which prevented her joining the chase with McKiernan. But she rallied in the closing stages to pass Fernandez and Simon and gain revenge over Joyce Chepchumba, the Kenyan who plipped her last year.

The co-operation between Pinto and Anton, the world champion, was all the more surprising because last week the Portuguese had cast doubts over the huge strides made by Spain's marathon runners. He accused them of using EPO, the banned drug which stimulates red blood cells and increases endurance. Those suspicions will not have been allayed by this event as Spanish runners filled three of the first seven places.

After Fabian Roncero's win in Rotterdam seven days earlier, Anton became the second Spaniard



Abel Anton: men's winner

How they finished

Men	Women
1 A Anton (Spain) 2:23:44	1 C McKiernan (Ireland) 2:26:54
2 A Mouaziz (Morocco) 2:26:07	2 L McColgan (GB) 2:26:54
3 A Pinto (Portugal) 2:26:18	3 C Fernandez (Spain) 2:27:30
4 J Roy (Spain) 2:26:33	4 M Rensers (Belgium) 2:27:30
5 A Mekonnen (Ethiopia) 2:26:52	5 C Simon (Romania) 2:28:31
6 R Starke (Slovakia) 2:26:53	6 S Oberem (Germany) 2:29:39
7 D Garcia (Spain) 2:30:05	7 A Fernandez (Netherlands) 2:30:47
8 J Brown (GB) 2:31:10	8 Wang Yanfang (China) 2:30:47
9 S Nibneggett (Austria) 2:31:30	9 M Bolchini (Italy) 2:32:02
10 K Uta (Japan) 2:32:46	10 M Sutton (GB) 2:32:14

Wheelchair race winners:

H Fry (Switzerland) 1:36:16

Stirling (Switzerland) 1:36:16

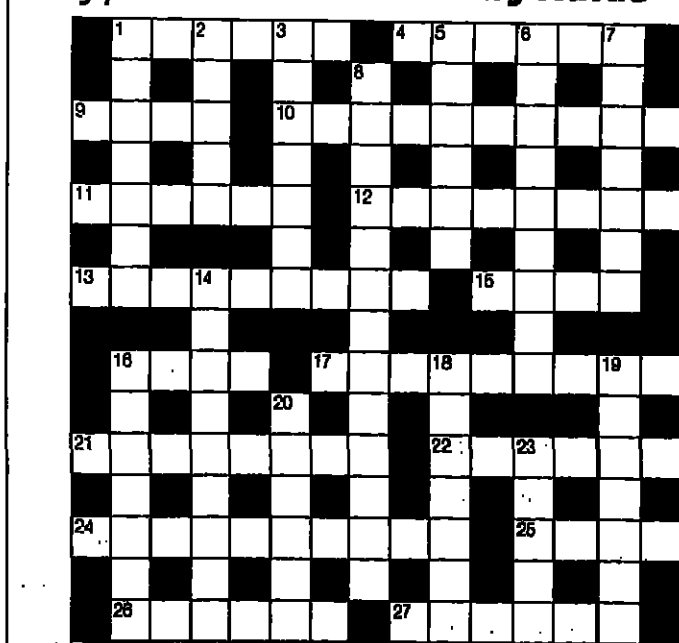
SPORT 31



Hype, hype, hooray... Catherina McKiernan breaks the tape in a time of 2hr 26min 26sec and live up to her pre-race billing

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS BARRY

Cryptic crossword by Rufus



Across

- Lower or upper garment (6)
- Tearaway's daylight robbery (3,3)
- Picture held firm in frame (4)
- Number given bill for sleeping accommodation (4-6)
- He shoots out from hiding (6)
- Seis aside Tom's battlescars? (6)
- Cracking assistant to a huntsman (7-2)
- Returned to receive the king — a terrible person (4)
- See the key goes to the agent (4)

Down

- Arrest in case is not ordered (6)
- Fly doctors to South American capital (6)
- In depression, find somewhere to drink (6)
- Hair dresser? (10)
- Give a signal and slow down (4)
- Undertake challenge (4,2)
- Shutter usually closed at night (6)
- Having out down, Jack, terribly thin, gains a stone (7)
- Raise the standard bowler's approach (8,2)

- Clamp down in French Army (7)
- Umpire corrupt? Yes, corrupt (6)
- Talons hug brutally in attack (9)
- A sunny spot? (7)
- One does not wish one's children to be brought up in it (8,5)
- Two noises not amounting to much (9)
- He and I are inseparable (7)
- Meet, and come up to expectations (7)
- Wreck around despite exercising caution (2,5)
- Oriental wear for doctor in family circle (6)
- Refuse to be seen out with Capons (5)

Last week's solution

C	O	N	T	E	S	T	M	A	L	A	I	S	E
F	O	R	E	S	S	I							
O	F	F	A	R	E	A	R	S	A	L	O		
S	E	N	T	O	N	O	B	E	D	I	E	N	
A	O	D	L	E	G								
S	T	R	A	T	E	O	D	I	E	D			
P	N	H											
A	P	R	O	N	A	C	I	T	O	R			
R	L	S	E	E									
R	E	P	O	R	T	E	R	M	O	R	A	S	
C	O	R	A	P	A	T							
P	E	R	I	W	I	N	K	E	I	C	O	N	
D	S	D	E	S	S	R							
O	V	E	R	E	R	E	D						

Sports Diary Shiv Sharma

Shearer gives England a timely boost

ENGLAND achieved their first victory over Portugal for 29 years when they beat them in an international friendly at Wembley last week. And they did so in style, Alan Shearer scoring twice, with Teddy Sheringham netting one in between. Tony Adams had an apparently legitimate goal cancelled out and Liverpool's teenage sensation, Michael Owen, on for the last 13 minutes, had a strong appeal for a penalty turned down.

After a defeat and a draw in their previous two internationals, the 3-0 win should boost England's morale in the World Cup, beginning in France next month. Coach Glenn Hoddle, though, will need to spend a lot of time before the tournament sorting out his side's defensive frailties. The visitors mounted repeated assaults on the England goal, but David Seaman denied them with some excellent saves.

In other friendlies, Darren Patterson returned to the Northern Ireland side after two years to score his first goal. The bullet header 10 minutes into the game against Switzerland was enough to give his side a 1-0 victory at Windsor Park.

Scotland, the other home nation competing in the World Cup, could manage only a 1-1 draw against Finland at Easter Road while the Republic of Ireland went down 2-0 to Argentina at Lansdowne Road.

SUCCESS is becoming something of a habit with Macclesfield. The Cheshire club recorded their second successive promotion to move into the Second Division. There were some anxious moments followed by delicious scenes as Sammy McIlroy's team beat Chester 3-2 in a hard-fought battle at the Moss Rose Ground.

The victory makes them only the fifth side to win promotion from the bottom division at the first attempt. Meanwhile Reading lost 1-0 to Nottingham Forest and were relegated to the Second Division. Southend and Carlisle went down to the Third Division, Southend losing 2-0 at Oldham, and Carlisle going down 2-1 to York at Brunton Park.

FRANCE'S World Cup organisers face a multi-million dollar fine after ignoring European law in favouring their own own citizens over those of other European Union countries in allocating tickets. Under European competition regulations all EU citizens have equal rights in the sale of goods, and it is illegal to favour one nationality over another. The European Commission has the power to fine the organisers 10 per cent of the estimated \$250 million profits from the tournament, though the actual fine is likely to be much smaller than that.

DESPITE record rain which made last month the wettest April this century, cricket's county championship got underway in England. The weather-affected opening round included a victory for Derbyshire, who beat neighbouring Nottinghamshire by six wickets — Phil DeFreitas hitting the winning run off the penultimate delivery.

Sussex achieved their first championship victory at Hove for 22 months, beating Lancashire by two wickets with two balls to spare. Yorkshire overcame Somerset by 215 runs, and champions Glamorgan triumphed over Gloucestershire by 141 runs. Worcestershire, meanwhile, saw off Essex by six wickets; while the games between Warwickshire and Durham, and Surrey and Northamptonshire both ended as draws.

JOE CALZAGHE retained his World Boxing Organisation super-middleweight crown by beating Juan Carlos Gimenez in Cardiff. The Welshman became the first boxer to stop the 37-year-old Paraguayan challenger, who retired after nine punishing rounds without throwing a worthwhile punch. Calzaghe was ahead in every round until the referee stopped the action and, not surprisingly, Gimenez was later taken to hospital and found to have four cracked ribs.

Motor Racing San Marino Grand Prix

Coulthard plays it cool

Alan Henry at Imola

DAVID COULTHARD put his cap with Michael Schumacher in the previous race firmly behind him last Sunday with a well-judged, tactical victory over the Ferrari team in the San Marino Grand Prix.

The 27-year-old Scot beat Schumacher to the chequered flag by only 4.5sec to deprive a 100,000-plus crowd of its first home victory since 1983.

With four of the season's 16 races completed, only six points now separate the leader Mika Hakkinen, who failed to finish here, from Coulthard and Schumacher in second and third places respectively.

Coulthard seemed to be taking it too easy, slackening off in the closing stages to conserve his McLaren-Mercedes even as Schumacher was closing on him.

In reality Coulthard's car was suffering from an overheated gearbox, a problem which had indirectly forced his team-mate Hakkinen to retire with a broken transmission when in second place and after only 17 of the race's 62 laps.

McLaren's managing director Ron Dennis periodically left his place on the pit wall to check the electronic telemetry system which was monitoring the prob-

lem, advising Coulthard to ease up and change gear as carefully as possible during the second half of the race.

"I wanted it run at a pace that wasn't too hard on the brakes of the engine, so I was just trying to maintain the gap to Michael," said Coulthard, unaware of the depth of the problem. "I was perfectly comfortable to let that gap be reduced because I knew that I could have gone a little faster if necessary."

During Saturday's hour-long qualifying session Coulthard worked hard to secure the seventh pole position of his career. Hakkinen qualifying alongside him to clinch the third all-McLaren front row this season.

Yet neither McLaren driver underestimated the challenge of Schumacher's Ferrari F300. Straining every sinew to make the best possible use of a more powerful V10 engine and a more aerodynamic package, the German driver had qualified in third, but last Sunday Hakkinen blocked him out on the first corner and held him back in third place as the two McLaren drivers left the field.

Third place went to Eddie Irvine's Ferrari F400. The reigning world champion Jacques Villeneuve's Williams FW20 finished in fourth place.



Abel Anton: men's winner

Handwritten note: 1. He is 13.16